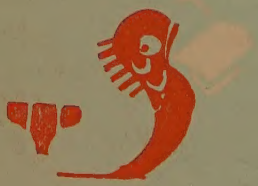
PINOCCHIO IN AMERICA

ANGELO PATRI



THIS BOOK
BELONGS TO

~~Ruth Merrill~~
Pamela Bowley

PINOCCHIO IN AMERICA

Books by
ANGELO PATRI

Child Training
Pinocchio in Africa
School and Home
Schoolmaster of the Great City
Spirit of America
Talks to Mothers
The Problems of Childhood
What Have You Got to Give?
White Patch
Pinocchio in America

PINOCCHIO WORKED WITH A WILL

PINOCCHIO IN AMERICA

BY ANGELO PATRI

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARY LIDDELL

GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK
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PINOCCHIO IN AMERICA

INTRODUCTION

HOW do you do?

Many happy returns of the day. Merry Christmas, Pleasant Fourth of July, Happy Easter, and Hurrah for me, Pinocchio.

You remember Me, of course. I am Pinocchio, the marionette that old Gepetto made out of a stick of kindling wood. I was such a clever marionette that I came alive and had all sorts of fun.

I never liked going to school, so I ran away. Whenever I did not like the place where I was, I ran away. Once I ran away to Africa. I swam the sea and talked to the fishes and the mermaids and things.

Africa was very pleasant, but I fell into bad luck. A man put me in a cage. Yes, he did. Made

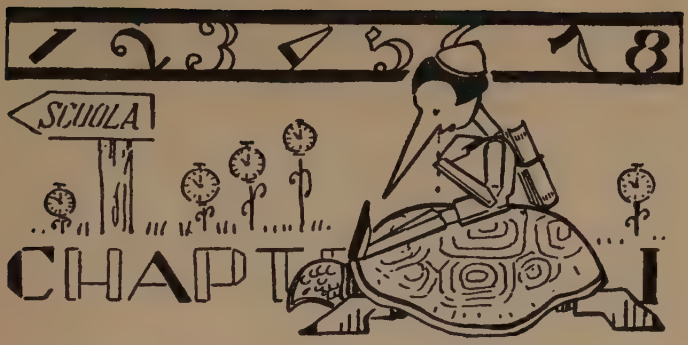
believe I was a lion. I was scared almost stiff. The very first chance I got, I ran away.

The queer thing about running away from home is that you always run back again. I ran back home. But I didn't stay long. One night at home, one day in school, and I had to run away again. You see I can't seem to like school.

"I'll go to America where children are free," said I, and I swam the ocean.

It is bad form to talk much about yourself, the Watchful Rooster says. That must mean something pretty bad, so I won't be it. I'll let Angelo Patri tell you all about my visit to America.

Turn over.



TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN

IT IS very easy to make promises. For some people it is easier to forget them than to keep them. So it was with Pinocchio.

"Yes, yes, I will be good. I will not run away again. I don't want to be turned into a donkey. No, no, good Gepetto, I am going to stay at home with you and milk the goat and go to school every day. You will see. To-morrow I'll begin."

But. When to-morrow came Pinocchio stayed in bed. He had forgotten his promises. Not that he wanted to forget. No, no. He just could not seem to remember.

If you had asked him why this was he would have lifted an eyebrow and scratched his head. But you and I know that we forget only those things we do not wish to remember. Pinocchio had practised forgetting for so long that he didn't know he did it. He simply could not remember.

And so it happened that when he should have leaped out of bed the morning after he returned from Africa, he slept. He lay still as a sleeping mouse until Gepetto put his head inside the doorway and called, "Up, up. My, my. Do you not know the sun is high? Come now. Make ready for school."

Pinocchio rolled over with a groan. School, the very thought of school gave him a pain. He rose and went out to the fountain to wash his face. The fountain was splashing and flashing and dancing in the morning sun. It laughed aloud at sight of Pinocchio.

"What are you laughing at? I suppose you are just as cold and just as wet as usual."

"Colder and wetter on purpose for you, my dear

Pinocchio. Why should you who expect trouble not get it?" and the fountain sent a spray of sweet cool water full into the frowning face of the little marionette.

It made him feel good. Laughing, he sprang into the basin and splashed and frolicked about like a gay little boy fish until Gepetto called him to breakfast.

With a sigh he came back to the call of duty. He wiped his face with the back of his hand, combed his hair with his fingers, and sat down to his breakfast of black bread and goat's milk with good appetite.

"Now," said Gepetto, "off to school. Who knows? You may become a great scholar. What happiness! Go. Begin your greatness to-day."

"I will be the brightest and quickest scholar in the school. The master will be astonished at my cleverness," said the marionette, speeding away with the best grace in the world.

For the first block he ran like a deer. Then a thought struck him. "Why run? The sooner I get

to school the longer I shall be there." He slowed down to the pace of a very old tortoise.

Slow as he was, he reached the school at last. Once there he had to go in.

"Welcome, my friend Pinocchio," said the master. "You will have to work hard to make up lost time. Take the last seat in the row and study your primer."

Pinocchio took his place with the beginners and hid his blushing nose in his book. Lessons came hard. He had forgotten the few letters and numbers he once thought he knew. One cannot spend a term in Africa without missing lessons at home. Woodenheads like Pinocchio have no time to spare.

By and by the teacher looked at his work. He threw up his hands and made a face full of wrinkles. "What is this? Two and two make seven. The babies know better than that. You are a sad dunce. Ah, well, he who casts his net on the sand catches no fish. You stay in to-night and study your book until you know your lessons perfectly."

Holding a book does not teach one much. It cramps the fingers, and the cramp spreads to the head. Afternoon came, and all that Pinocchio had to show for the day was this numb feeling that coaxed him to sleep.

Dismissal time came. The children went home. All but Pinocchio. The room grew very still. The clock ticked a lullaby. Poor lazy child. What could he do? He laid his head on his arm and went to sleep.

"Let him sleep," said the teacher, taking his hat off the peg and closing the classroom door softly behind him. "He will waken and find himself alone in the school. Perhaps that will teach him something. It is certain that I cannot."

Pinocchio slept well. By and by he had a dream. He dreamed that he stood on a vast plain looking into the clear night sky. A star rose, a great burning star that called to him, "Pinocchio, I am your star. Rise, follow me to the Western world where lies your fame and fortune. Rise and follow me."

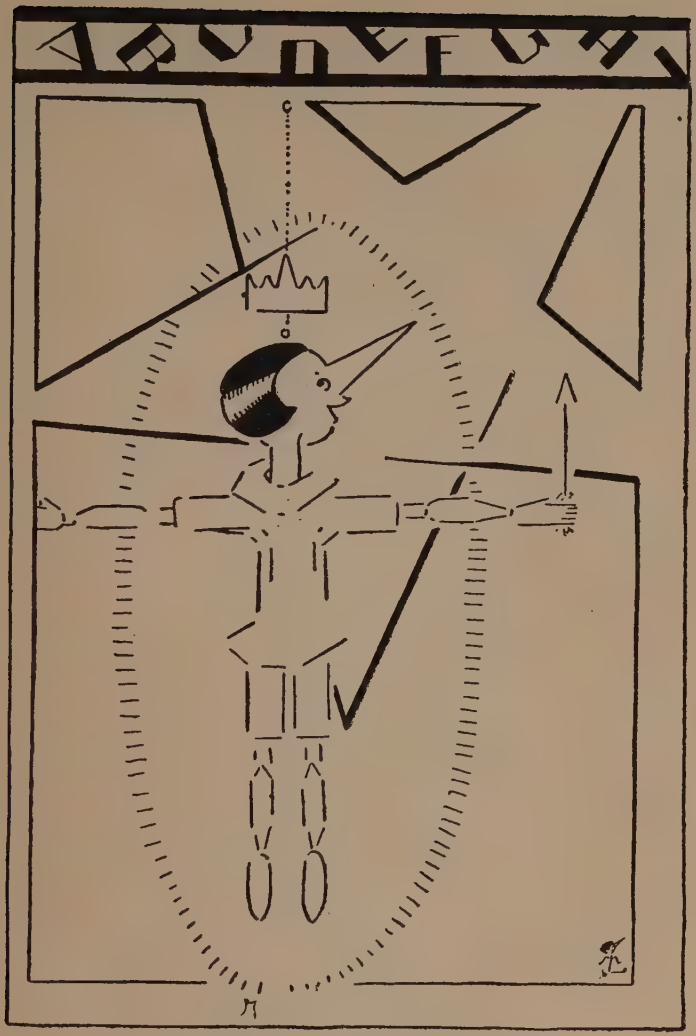
An arrow came and fitted itself to his hand, and he sped it toward the star. He struck it fairly, and a shower of sparks fell about him, wrapping him in a mantle of light so that he shone like a radiant spirit.

Again the star spoke. "Follow me. My light will guide you to where fortune waits. Come. Follow me over the sea."

The light died out of the sky. A chill crept over Pinocchio and set him shivering. He tried to shake it off and woke to find himself alone in the darkened classroom.

"They all went home and left me here sleeping. A nice trick to play on a poor boy. Never mind. I'll be rich and famous one day. Then they'll be sorry for this. See if they don't. They'll wish they'd treated me better. They'll wish they had been kind to Pinocchio when they see him come home like an emperor. I follow my star to the Western world."

One dreams the thing he would like to do. Dreams are the children of deep wishes. You see, dreaming and forgetting are not far apart. At that



A DREAM, AND THAT IS ENOUGH

age one always wants to go. A dream, and that is enough.

Without a thought of those he left behind, the little woodenhead started toward the sea.

CHAPTER II

PASS, PINOCCHIO. I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU

SLIPPITY, slippity, slip, slop, slap. Then slippity, slippity, slip, slop, slap, all over again. A little Something that might have been a stick, and wasn't, rose and fell with the waves in New York Harbor.

"Dear me, so long a journey. But I'm nearing the end at last. Ah, my good Lady Liberty, I salute you. I, Pinocchio, who battled the waves to cross the ocean, bow at your feet.

"I have traveled many weary miles and have been, oh, so tired and so hungry, just to win a smile from your lovely lips. For that I braved the

BRAVED THE SEAS, FOUGHT THE WHALES

seas, fought the whales, and got very, very wet. 'Twas all for love of you."

A faint smile lighted the face of Liberty as she turned her torch upon the little figure in the water.

"Pass, Pinocchio. I have been waiting for you. Pass into this, the land of happy children, and may your coming bring happiness to you and to them."

Pinocchio was about to make a grand speech in reply, but a fussy little ferryboat that had no time for fine manners rocked him about and splashed him so thoroughly that he almost choked. His head went down and his feet came up. His feet went down and his head came up. The very sky above him seemed to swim about his head.

"My, my. Dear, dear. Surely so rough a journey no swimmer ever made. I wish myself safe on shore. This swimming is cold business. My stomach is as empty as on the evening of a fast day. My poor Pinocchio, I hope you have strength left to reach the shore," sobbed the marionette in deep pity for

himself. He sobbed so hard that his mouth opened wide and he swallowed a wave.

"Ah, my, my. This ocean is very salt. If my father, Gepetto, had but a teaspoon of it, he need never pay salt tax again.

"I wonder what the old man is doing. I hope he is not looking for me. But one must travel and see the world for himself," said the selfish little woodenhead, well knowing that his good old father was that moment searching for him behind the wood box, calling for him again and again.

A wave stronger than the rest lifted him and tossed him high on shore with such a thump that the breath left him. When it returned he grunted. "Huh! At last I have arrived. How stiff my legs are. My arms are like bits of wood. And my clothes. Alas, I am not dressed for the carnival!

"I expect when the children of America hear I have come they will make a great festival for me. A great carnival. I shall be the king and sit upon a throne of gold and silver. I shall wear a

scarlet robe and a white fur mantle and a crown of jewels with a blazing star on the top.

"I shall make a speech. I shall rise and bow. With what a grace I shall bow. I shall stand tall as an emperor, wave my hand, and begin.

" 'My friends, you are all the friends of Pinocchio who swam the sea to meet you.'

"Here they will toss up their hats and cheer, 'Long live Pinocchio. Pinocchio, the greatest swimmer in the world. The greatest, most magnificent, the bravest Pinocchio in history. Long live Pinocchio, the children's friend.'

"Here I shall sweep off my hat—— Alas, where is my hat?" he cried, feeling all over his head for the hat that was riding the sea somewhere along the shores of Italy.

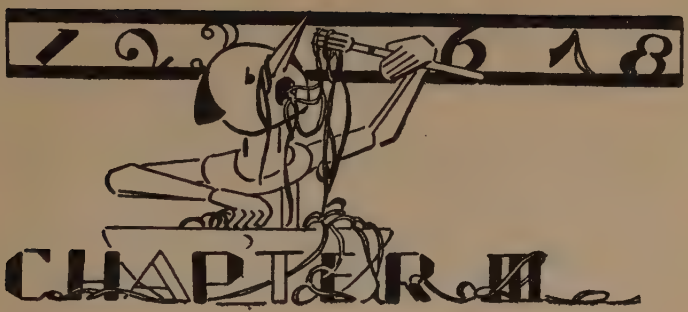
"Well," he went on jauntily, "I have no doubt that I shall appear most princely without a hat. There is no need of a hat. I shall salute with my sword—— Alas, my sad heart, where is my sword? Ah, to be sure. I remember. I left it at home on the wood box by the fireside.

"However, what of it? I have not the slightest fear. I shall salute my friends without a sword. One does not need a sword to cut a fine figure if one has such a presence as mine.

"But, good Christopher Columbus, what ill luck is this that follows me? What has come to my fine figure? There is not a dash of color upon me from heel to head. The envious sea has washed it all away and stained me this sad gray-green. How can one attend carnival if one has no uniform?

"Sweet Christopher Columbus, come to my aid. Did I not swim where you sailed? Did I not, like you, follow my star to the Western world? Are we not brothers in adventure? You would not forsake a little brother? You would not let me suffer for a few brushfuls of paint and a willing hand to lay them?"

So saying, the weary marionette laid himself down on the sands to rest in the warmth of the sunshine.



HE IS OUR GUEST. LET'S NOT SEE HIS MISTAKES

HI, YI, I, Camilla. Look what I found."

The shrill voice of an excited little boy made Pinocchio jump inside his faded skin.

"Look. This piece will just fill the bag," and before Pinocchio could wink twice he felt himself seized and thrust head foremost into a bag of driftwood.

"What now?" he groaned. "I did but call on Christopher Columbus to aid me, and here I am upside down in a bag of kindling. I am faint with hunger and cold as a frog. I hope all this leads to something to eat. My stout stomach bids me hope."

Camilla and Tony trotted along gayly, bumping the bag of wood along the stones as they carried it between them. Bumpity, bump, bump, bump . . .

"I'm glad we got that big piece, aren't you?" said Tony. "It just filled the bag. It will make a blaze to last all evening."

"Some good saint surely sent it our way," said Camilla, giving a skip and a hop that made Pinocchio close his eyes and groan.

"Let's run. I'm starving, aren't you?" said Tony.

"Starving. I hope there is a big platter of spaghetti."

"M-m-m. And lots of cheese."

"M-m-m, and meat left over from the sauce."

At the thought of the fine dinner waiting for them the two children set off at such a canter that poor Pinocchio gave himself up for dead.

"When things are at their worst, it is always well to hope for the best," said he, trying to hold on to his whirling head with his flapping hands. "All is well that ends well. Let us hope this ends quickly—and well."

At that moment the children let go of the bag, and down it went on the kitchen floor with such a thump that Pinocchio hit his nose with his right toe and skinned an ear with his left foot. Then out he tumbled among the sticks on the kitchen floor.

"See this good piece," said Tony, holding up his prize.

"Let me look at that," said his mother, reaching for Pinocchio. "Ah, I thought so. It looked familiar. Children, this is a marionette. Wonderful. See, he is trying to speak. Poor little thing. He is nearly choked with dirt and dust. You must have given him a rough ride," and she held him under the faucet and scrubbed him well.

"There. See? He was once a gay marionette."

"Yes, my friends," said Pinocchio, recovering his breath and with it his speech, "it is I, Pinocchio. I swam the ocean to be with you. I came to your land seeking fame and fortune and freedom.

"To be sure, my dress is not as bright as when I left home, and I have lost my hat and my sword.

But what of it? Without them I am still Pinocchio, the greatest marionette in the world. The bravest swimmer, the noblest hero among them all stands before you. I salute you," and placing his hand upon his heart he made such a sweeping bow that the end of his nose scraped the floor, and he said, "Ouch!"

"Oh, isn't he lovely? We can keep him, can't we, Mother?"

"We'll see. We'll see. How did you leave your friends, Pinocchio? Your good father, Gepetto, is he well? Did he send any message to us in America?"

Pinocchio hung his head in shame. How was he to tell this good mother that he had run off without a thought of those he left behind? Could he tell the truth and say that Gepetto was at that very moment searching the house for him, behind the door, under the bed, in the wood box, everywhere—calling, calling, calling?

No. He was not brave enough. He lifted his head with what boldness he could gather and said, "He

is well and sends you his compliments and begs you to take care of his darling Pinocchio, the pride of his old age, who stands starving before you."

"Good, good. We will do our best. Come, come, children! Our guest is tired and hungry. We will serve him a good dinner and then put him to bed. In the morning we shall see what we shall see."

The children ran to set the table, and the mother turned again to her cooking.

"Ah," breathed Pinocchio happily, "I smell spaghetti boiling. There is also a hint of garlic. And cheese. How my stomach warms at a hint of garlic. My mouth favors a bit of cheese. Who does not love a good piece of cheese? Thank you, my star. Thank you, most gracious Columbus. It was kind of you to lead me here."

Without waiting for an invitation, the hungry marionette fell upon his dinner. I am sorry to have to tell you that he was not a pretty sight as he sat at the table gobbling spaghetti, the long ends of it flapping about his face and spattering him with tomato sauce from his eyes to his chin.

"He has not very good manners," whispered Camilla. "See how he glares at the cheese with his mouth full to bursting. I think he is greedy and stupid."

"That may be the way of marionettes. You know they have wooden heads. He is our guest. Let us not notice his mistakes," whispered the good mother.

Pinocchio ate all that was set before him and then, as usual, fell fast asleep.

"Poor little thing, he is tired out. Fix a basket in the corner behind the stove, children. We'll lay him on this soft pillow and let him rest."

So ended Pinocchio's first day in the land he had come so far to see.

CHAPTER IV

AN APE IS AN APE THOUGH DRESSED IN A CAPE

WHEN Pinocchio opened his eyes the next morning, the sun was already high in the sky, and Tony and Camilla were eating their breakfast of bread and milk. He noticed that they were carefully dressed, hair brushed, shoes polished, hands and faces pinky white, as though for a holiday.

"It is the carnival. It must be. They are going to present me to the children at the carnival. I must hasten and eat my breakfast. It would never do for the king of the carnival to be late," thought the happy marionette, springing from his basket and landing in his chair at the table in one leap.

"I am ready for a bite of breakfast," he said.

"I'll have a dish of figs, a dozen oranges, about six ripe peaches, and a bowl of milk."

"You make such funny jokes, Pinocchio," laughed Camilla.

"No, no. That is no joke. I never joke about my meals. Something to eat is no joke. Where is my breakfast?"

"First, my dear Pinocchio, you must wash your hands and face and brush your teeth and brush your hair and brush your nails and brush your shoes and——"

"Brush? Brush? Brush? I do not know about this brush."

"And then you may come to the table and eat your bread and milk and five prunes. You know we do not have figs in this country, and we never eat a dozen oranges at a time. But, come. Make ready for breakfast."

Pinocchio, of course, was only making a speech when he asked for such a breakfast. Just showing off. If you have lived more than six years, you know how that is.

But when it came to brushing he could really say, "I don't know." Tony had to help him, or he would have had nothing to eat that first morning. When he was at last ready he cheerfully ate his bread, milk, and prunes.

"At what hour is the carnival?" said he, sitting back with a sigh of comfort and satisfaction.

"What carnival?" asked Tony in surprise.

"My carnival, of course. The children of America will wish to see me, the great Pinocchio who swam the sea to visit them. Of course they wish to see me face to face. They will hold carnival in my honor."

"Not that I know of," said Tony, strapping his books. "We are going to school as we always do. We haven't heard anything about a carnival. But perhaps you have." He added this last politely, having remembered his duty to a guest.

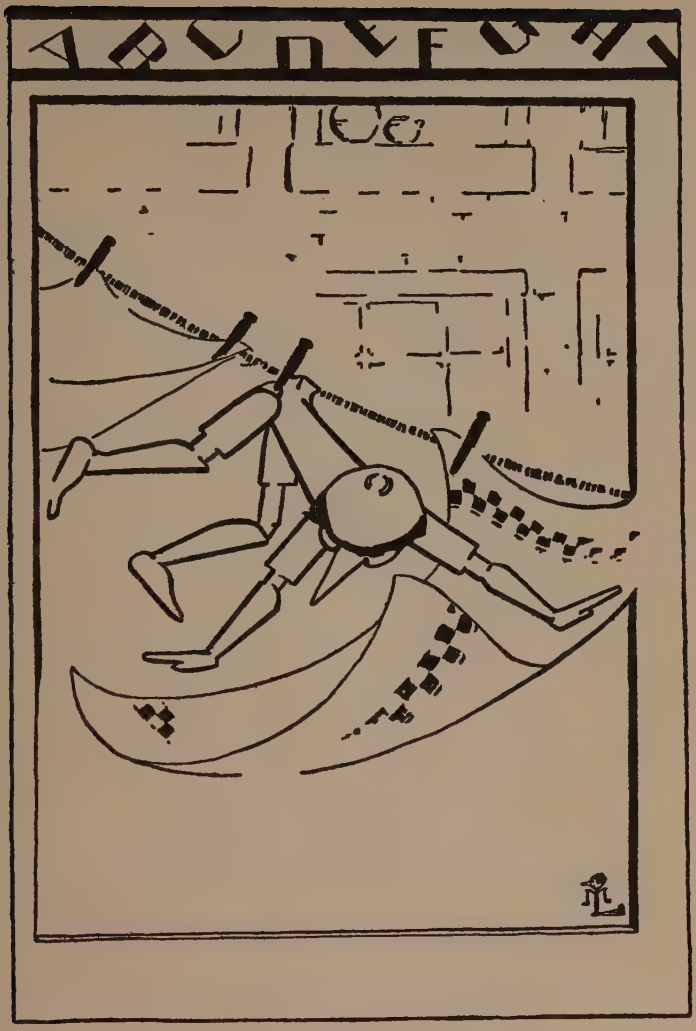
"Is it possible? To be sure. When your king and queen hear of my arrival they will, no doubt, order a carnival in my honor. In that case you shall sit beside me," said Pinocchio with a stiff little bow from his waist.

The good mother of the family looked grave. "You have much to learn, my dear Pinocchio. You cannot buy wisdom abroad if there is none at home. The best thing for you to do is to go to school."

"School?" screamed Pinocchio, beside himself with anger. "School—school to me. I swam the ocean. I was eaten alive by whales. I was chewed to pieces by hungry fishes. I was picked to shreds by savage sea birds. The very clothes were washed from my back. I want liberty, freedom—not school. School. Never. I will swim another ocean first."

"That is not for you to say, my boy. In this country all children go to school. Come. To-day I shall make you a new suit. I shall make you gay again. Then to-morrow we shall see what we shall see."

The weeping marionette was forced to be content. After a thorough washing and rubbing, he was hung in the sunshine to dry. Then he got a coat of paint that made him good as new.



HUNG IN THE SUNSHINE TO DRY

"There, now. You have green trousers and a white shirt and a yellow coat, a red hat with a peacock feather. These orange stockings and black pumps set off your feet and legs very nicely. You are as gay a marionette as ever stepped." The good mother was very proud of her work.

Pinocchio strutted before the mirror, twisting and turning in a vain effort to see all sides of himself at once. He cocked his hat over one eye and thought the effect grand. He found a little stick and asked to have it made into a sword.

"I cannot appear in public without a sword," he said.

"This is a land of peace, my child. Why do you want a sword?"

"One never kills anyone with a sword. It is a part of a gentleman's dress. One salutes with a sword. One can express himself grandly with a sword. My sword is part of my right hand. Oh, certainly, I must have a sword."

"If that is all it means, have one and welcome," laughed the good mother. She made him a gay

wooden sword, tied it with scarlet and gold cords, and added two bright blue tassels.

The vain little creature could hardly wait until his paint was dry before showing himself and his precious sword to the people. Waving his gay weapon, he strutted about the house practising his speech for the carnival, until the good mother, fearing that all her work would go for nothing, said, "Come, come, Pinocchio. I cannot have you scratch the paint off yourself. I shall have to make sure you do not ruin yourself," and she tied him fast to the leg of the table with a bit of the clothesline.

At midday the children returned, eager to see Pinocchio and tell him the news.

"It's all right, Pinocchio. The teacher says yes. We asked her if you could come to school, and she said you could. She says she never had a marionette in class before and so she may not know quite how to start teaching you, but she will try her best."

"True, true. Of course she would not know how

to teach me. How could she? She has never seen anyone like Pinocchio before."

Here the foolish marionette strutted up and down at the length of his rope, waving his sword and making himself as big as he could in an effort to look like an emperor.

"How could she ever hope to teach me, the greatest swimmer ever known? The greatest adventurer since Christopher Columbus? How could she expect to teach me, the friend of kings? I who have held the ocean in my arms? I who have mastered the monsters of the deep? I who have had speech with the birds of the air? How could a teacher be expected to teach ME?

"In fact, I do not expect her to teach me. When she comes to greet me, I shall make a bow, like this, and I shall explain, 'Dear lady——' "

"No, Pinocchio, you won't. You won't say anything like that," giggled Camilla. "Will he, Tony?"

But Tony seemed to be busy tying his shoestring. Anyway, he didn't answer. Pinocchio saw that his shoulders were shaking.

"Ah, he is weeping for the troubles of that poor teacher. She fears so to meet me, and he is grieved for her. So much sadness there is in this world," and a dry tear fell upon the shining sword.

I told you, remember, that he was a woodenhead.

CHAPTER V

A BLIND MAN IS NO JUDGE OF COLORS

IT WAS with a sad heart that Pinocchio watched the preparations for school next morning.

"There must be a mistake. America is the land of liberty, the home of freedom. Here one does what one likes. I do not like to go to school. Then I do not go to school.

"I like to travel and see what is going on. I like to eat the good things I see about me. I like to play. When I am tired I like to lie down in the sunshine and sleep. Why not?

"How can I enjoy life if I am shut up in a schoolroom, my nose poked into a dull book, my fingers

cramped to make crooked marks on a sheet of paper, my head troubled by useless questions?

"No, no. This is all a mistake. I have fallen into the wrong hands. It is impossible that this should come to Pinocchio. To school I will not go. Never."

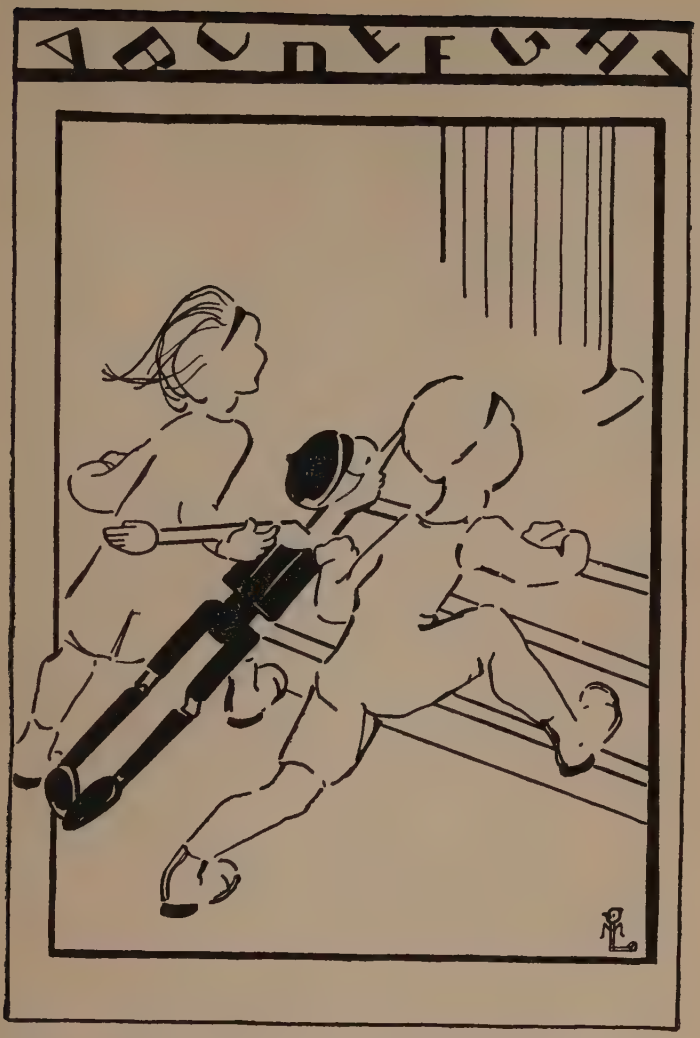
But the children had no thought of going anywhere else. They were anxious to show Pinocchio to their mates and to their teachers. Before the little fellow could help himself he was whisked off his chair and out of the house.

"We'll each take a hand and hurry him along," said Camilla. "Then he can't fall down and get himself all dirty."

"Nor run away," said Tony, taking tight hold.

Holding him firmly between them, the children rushed along so fast that Pinocchio's feet scarcely touched the ground. Indeed, he was balanced between them most of the time, and now and then the tip of his nose barely escaped scraping the sidewalk.

Panting after the race, the children stopped before the beautiful stone building that looked like a



WE'LL EACH TAKE A HAND AND HURRY HIM ALONG

castle. "This is our school, Pinocchio. This is where you will come every day now."

"So? How very interesting. But I suppose that if your little friend Pinocchio felt himself too small, too stupid, to enter so grand a palace of learning, you would excuse him?"

"Oh, my, no. The stupider you are the more you go to school. Of course, you are very little and very stupid, so you will have to go a long time. You will learn and be very bright, by and by."

"You are most kind," said Pinocchio, keeping his eyes wide open for the first chance to slip away, because he had quite made up his mind not to go to school.

"My star said nothing about going to school. I am to become rich and famous. I cannot understand this business of going to school.

"And this Camilla. She is very kind, of course, but she seems not to know who I am. She thinks I am stupid and says so. Imagine! I who have seen more of the world than——"

"This is Pinocchio," said Camilla, pulling him smartly to attention.

Pinocchio found himself standing before a smiling lady who sat at a desk covered with books and papers.

"Not the great Pinocchio who traveled in Africa and crossed the ocean like a fish? Not the wonderful Pinocchio who rode on a whale and talked to an emperor?"

"The same. Pinocchio himself stands before you." Bursting with pride, the marionette bowed and saluted in his grandest manner.

"We are delighted to see you here. Have you a vaccination certificate with you?"

"No, dear madam. When I left Africa I left in a hurry and brought none of the strange animals with me."

The teacher's eyes opened in surprise. Pinocchio saw he had made a mistake and corrected himself. Not for worlds would he admit there was something he knew nothing about.

"Nor did I carry away any of the very good

fruit, knowing that you would have plenty to offer me when I arrived."

"A vaccination certificate is neither an animal nor a fruit, Pinocchio. It is just a paper from the doctor that says you will not be ill."

"Ill? I? I am never ill. Why should I have a paper from the doctor to say I will not be ill when I know I will not be ill?"

"We will send you to the doctor, and he will vaccinate you, and then you can begin school," said the teacher. "Tony, take him to the doctor and then place him in the baby class."

At these dreadful words Pinocchio's knees bent like the joints in a jackknife, and he would have fallen had not Tony kept a firm grip on his hand.

He had heard of doctors before. They were people who wore white aprons and who gave you new legs and arms when the old ones fell off.

"Wiring on an arm or a leg would be nothing. But I have all I need. And this vaccination now. What is that?"

"It is nothing at all," said Tony cheerfully. "He

just scratches you with a needle, and there you are."

"I'm there anyway," said Pinocchio hopefully. "Why scratch me? And this baby class the lady spoke of? What have babies to do with school? What have I to do with babies? Fat bundles that cry all day to be fed or sleep curled up in a basket. I cannot see that I could do anything for them?"

"You won't have to do anything for them. All you have to do is your lessons. The baby class is for little know-nothings like you," and Tony laughed gayly. "Here's the doctor."

"Want me to vaccinate him? Surely," said the doctor, turning to pick out a nice new needle. Tony loosened his hold on the little hand that lay so still in his. Whiff! With the speed of an arrow Pinocchio was out of the door and away.

"He's gone?" said the doctor, looking down at the spot where the marionette used to be.

"Gone," said Tony sadly. "I'm sorry. I rather liked him. He might have learned a few things if he had stayed with us, you know."

"I'll miss my guess if he is not on the way to learn a few things pretty soon," said the doctor. "Let's hope he doesn't pay too much for the lessons."

AS YOU BAKE SO IS YOUR CAKE

THROUGH the streets of the great city Pinocchio sped toward liberty and the fortune and fame he knew were waiting for him.

"Somewhere about here there is a place where one does as one likes. I have often heard of it. I shall keep on until I find it."

Stopping to take breath, his eye fell on a fruit stand. Juicy oranges were piled in a lofty pyramid. Apples and more apples, apples green and apples red, apples yellow and apples golden, apples sweet and apples sour sent out a tempting fragrance.

Bunches of amber colored grapes trailed across the heaps of apples like garlands of jewels. Clus-

ters of jade-green grapes decked the piles of golden oranges. Baskets of purple plums sat invitingly under great hands of bananas that called the hungry and thirsty to come, eat, and be filled with content.

To Pinocchio, who never needed an invitation to eat when his eye signaled his stomach, the sight was enough. He swooped down upon the heap of treasure and began gobbling mouthful after mouthful. Before you could cry "Scat!" he had finished four bananas, I don't know how many grapes, six plums, and was sinking his teeth into the cheek of a fine red apple when the fruit dealer found him.

"What? What's this? Police Stop, thief! Police! How dare you stand there eating my fruit without paying for it!" And because the fruit dealer could see nothing better to do, he gave Pinocchio a sound dusting with his feather duster, wrong end to.

"Is it possible," cried Pinocchio, dancing about and rubbing the spot that hurt, "is it possible that you do not know me? You cannot know what you

are doing. I am Pinocchio who swam the sea to reach this land of the free, and you shout and wave your arms and beat me with your feather duster. I do but take a bite of fruit to comfort my poor hungry little stomach."

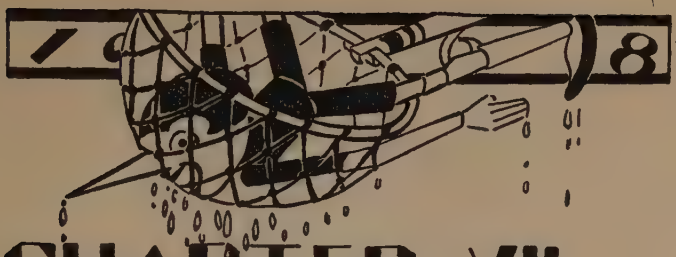
"Little stomach!" put in the angry fruit dealer.

"Yes. I but take a bite of fruit to warm my cold empty little stomach that I have carried all this way across the sea. Empty for fourteen days and fourteen nights, long dark nights. All this I suffered for the sake of liberty. And you beat me with your feather duster and spoil my appetite."

"Now, what do you make of all that?" asked the fruit dealer of the big policeman who had come in answer to his shouts. "He steals my fruit and makes me a speech."

"That child ought to be in school," said a stern old lady who had stopped to buy some apples and stayed to see what was going on.

"The very place he's going," said the policeman, sticking Pinocchio in his pocket, head down, and starting up the street.



CHAPTER VII

HE WHO HESITATES IS LOST

THE policeman strode along without a thought of the storm raging in his pocket.

Pinocchio kicked and thrashed about in the darkness, but what could he do, standing on his head like that?

"Disgraceful! Such a misfortune! Oh, Christopher Columbus, where is this land of liberty? Out of the depths of this unfeeling giant's pocket I ask you, Where is this land of liberty?

"Is this the land you discovered? A land where they chase unhappy children to school, beat them with feather dusters, stand them upon their heads in dark pockets? Why did you ever wish to find it?

"Where, my star, are that fame and fortune? Why did you land me here? I have a queer upside-down feeling. Something tells me that I am to meet trouble. What in——"

Pinocchio shot out of the pocket and landed on the sidewalk across the way. If he had not been woodenheaded I tremble to think what might have happened. As it was, he found his heels and made good use of them.

You see the policeman had to chase a runaway horse, and the jump he made sent Pinocchio flying out of his pocket, and in the hurry and scurry on the streets the little rascal soon lost himself. Right merrily he raced along until he found the entrance to what he thought was a fairy castle. Is wasn't. It was something quite as beautiful, though. Brooklyn Bridge with its spans and towers arching high above the blue river is lovely enough for any fairyland.

"I may as well see what I can see. I'll climb to the top of the towers and see if the king is coming to make a carnival for me," said the little mario-

nette. Up he went like a cat, straight to the highest point. He looked down and saw the river shining like silver in the sunshine. Far out, as far as he could see, stretched the shimmering water. Little boats and big ones cut through the water. The sea gulls whirled high over his head and screamed in unison with the thousand steam whistles that began the alarm that soon spread over the harbor. Whistles blew, bells rang, men shouted, prayed, stamped, yelled.

"Ah, they see me," said the pleased Pinocchio. "They have begun the carnival."

He swept off his hat and bowed to the crowds gathering below him. A great shout greeted him. A host of arms waved at him. The crowds grew thicker and the noise grew louder.

"Friends," he began. "I still call you friends, though you have behaved in a way to surprise me."

"Come down out of that, you young spalpeen," roared the frightened policeman, struggling up the bridge after him.

Pinocchio neither saw nor heard him.

"You have not yet made carnival for me. You have chased me through your streets. You have sent me to school where I do not wish to be. You have wanted to mend me with needles, although I need no mending. You have snatched the apple from my mouth when I would have comforted my poor stomach with a little from your plenty.

"Still, I call you friends. You have gathered to meet me. I know that at last I stand at the door of the castle of Liberty. I have but to knock and enter. I have but——"

To his surprise and horror Pinocchio saw that the big policeman, the very one who had stuck him in his pocket that morning, was making his way to where he stood. There was that in the officer's eye that spoke of trouble to Pinocchio. He waited for no second look. He straightened his body, lifted his hands high above his head ready to dive off the bridge.

"Of water I have no fear. It has no pockets," said he, and splashed.

The crowd gasped. All the whistles in the city let loose their loudest noise. All the bells ding-donged fit to split their throats. All the boats rang bells, tooted whistles, backed and circled and forged ahead. Such a noise, such a churning of water the harbor had never seen before.

"Boy overboard. Look alive there."

"Ding, ding! Toot, toot!" The waves of a fast-going boat washed Pinocchio's face.

"Toot, toot!" A great swishing and another splash. Before he could say "Christopher Columbus," the astonished marionette was hauled up to the deck of a little tugboat and tumbled in a heap at the captain's feet.

"What have we here?" said the captain, peering down at the bedraggled figure.

"Pu—Puh—Pinocchio," gurgled the half-drowned marionette.

"Pinocchio, is it? I never heard the like before. And for what are you jumping off the bridge? Have you lived too long, or what?"

"I haven't had much chance to live yet," said

Pinocchio, as clearly as he could with so much river water inside him.

"Don't you know you'll be drowned? Don't you know you'll be churned to bits by the boats and things in the river, to say nothing of the big fishes that might eat you, or at least take a good bite out of you?"

"Not me. I'm Pinocchio who swam the ocean to find liberty and fame and fortune."

"Is that true, now? You've come to the right place to find them." And he stood Pinocchio up against a standpipe to dry.

"Stay there till you dry yourself. I'm wondering have you any bones broken or if you've done damage to the insides of you. Maybe it's to the doctor I ought to be taking you."

"Me? To a doctor? I never felt better in my life. I jumped off the bridge for the exercise. I do things like that every day."

"Is that true now? It's exercise you are needing? Well, we can give you plenty of that. And as you're

spoiling for a little workout, just lay hold of that broom and sweep the place."

"Oh, I never did anything like that in my life. I wouldn't know how."

"You'll never learn earlier. I suppose you can eat a bit when it comes your way? Do you sweep up and I'll see to the dinner," and he walked off leaving Pinocchio looking sadly at the old broom.

"I see it is possible to talk too much," said he.

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT ANSWER?

PINOCCHIO was still gazing at the broom and thinking about his hard lot when the captain returned. Good smells followed him through the doorway, and Pinocchio's nose trembled eagerly.

"Have you done nothing at all yet?"

"No. I was afraid I'd spoil your beautiful broom."

"Now that was thoughtful of you. Very. But I'll risk the broom. Do you attend to the sweeping and I'll not say a word about the broom."

Pinocchio hoped the captain would go away, but he up-ended a box and seated himself, lighted his pipe, and took a long whiff.

Pinocchio made a pass with the broom, caught his legs with it, and turning head over heels, sat down smartly.

"Dear me, the deck is very slippery."

"It is," said the captain, sending out a puff of smoke.

Pinocchio made another pass or two and whacked himself a couple of times on the head with the broom handle.

"Imagine," said he, rubbing the lumps.

The captain didn't seem to hear.

"This broom handle is too long for me."

"Ay. Or maybe it is you that's too short?"

Pinocchio took hold lower down and made wilder swipes with the broom.

"Your boat is so very clean. I get no dirt with all my sweeping."

"Ay. It might be that your sweeping gets no dirt."

A shred of rope floated across the deck. Pinocchio tried to get it under his broom. Up and down the deck he chased it as though it were a ball and his

broom a broad bat. The captain laughed until his pipe went out.

"I think, perhaps, I could do better with a new broom," said Pinocchio, wiping the sweat from his brow.

"Ay. A new broom sweeps better than an old one, you think. Was there ever an old broom that wasn't a new one? Answer me that."

Pinocchio scratched his head.

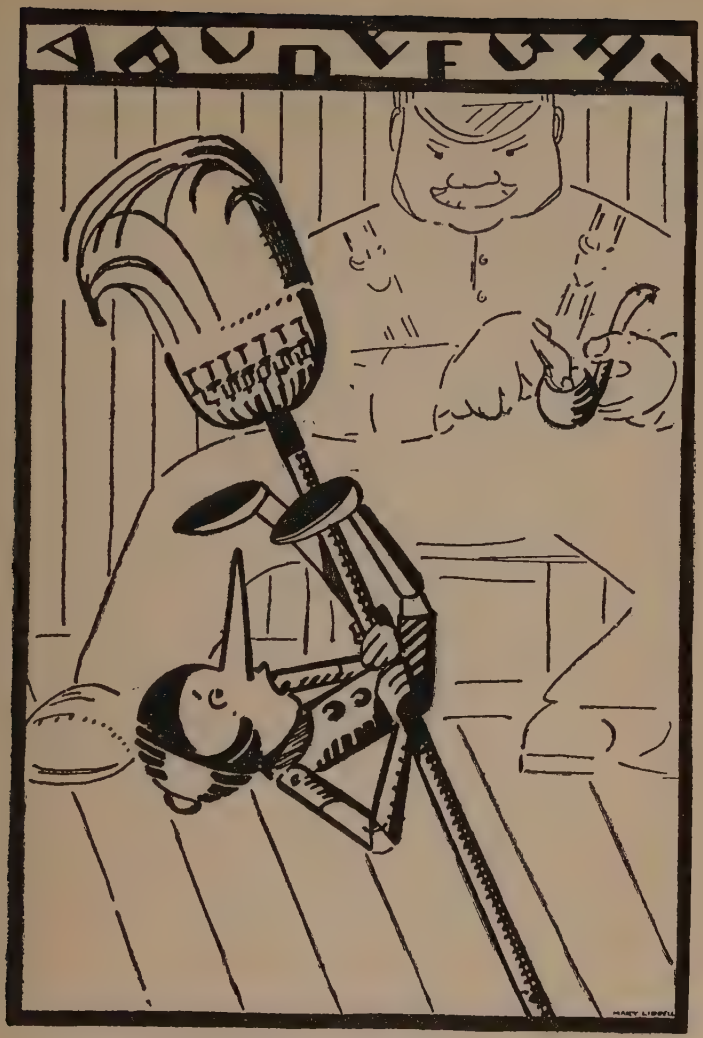
"I thought so. You've the right answer, but you don't know it. Come along and have some dinner. A man's always wiser on a full stomach, eh?"

The pot on the stove sent out news of corned beef and cabbage. Pinocchio smacked his lips.

"There," said the captain, handing him a plate piled high with beef and cabbage and potatoes. "Eat hearty."

Pinocchio obeyed cheerfully. When he rose from the table he felt tight as a drum. The captain nodded in his chair, and his passenger went to the bow of the boat and curled up for a nap.

His eyes roamed over the sunlit bay. The waters



I COULD DO BETTER WITH A NEW BROOM

shimmered in the sunshine; the gulls played about in the air and over the water and under it; the little waves slapped the sides of the old boat gently.

Off in the distant blue haze Liberty stood holding her torch high. At sight of her Pinocchio sighed. Where, where, in this land, was she to be found?

His eager eyes turned toward shore to meet the vision of great stone castles, of towers and spires mounting to the clouds, of rows and rows of windows that shone like a million broken rainbows caught in the mazes of a thousand magic walls.

"It is the right place. It must be." Pinocchio's heart rose with a mighty throb. "I shall yet find fortune here and become rich and famous." So he fell asleep pillowed on a coil of rope.

CHAPTER IX

SETTING THE TABLE IS NOT SO EASY

"HAD a good sleep?"

Pinocchio woke up with a start. The captain was standing beside him, smiling in high good-humor. The sun had not yet risen. All about were dim twinkling red and green lights that came and went like so many winking eyes. The stars were just fading out. Pinocchio wondered if his star was among them.

"A good sleep? Oh, yes. Give me a good meal, a good sleep, and I'm the gay Pinocchio, most wonderful marionette in the world."

"How about breakfast?" said the captain.

"Yes. I would like a bite." Pinocchio yawned widely and rubbed his eyes.

"Step and fetch it then," said the captain.

"Whatever in the world does that mean? It must be something good to eat, and my stomach warms to the thought," said Pinocchio.

"But first I must wash my hands and face. I'll take a swim—that's the best way," and over the side he went.

Just then, "Splash!" The captain tossed out a net and scooped Pinocchio in as if he had been a minnow.

"What do you mean by trying to drown yourself?" said he angrily, dumping his catch on the deck. "Do you want to get into jail?"

"Get into jail? Do they put people in jail for taking a morning swim? Where do you take your swim?"

"In the bathtub. Where did you think?"

Pinocchio scratched his head.

"Come on with me and have some breakfast. Let there be no more of this sporting in the ocean.

A chip like you'll do very well in the wash basin. Get busy now and go out and set the table."

Pinocchio's mouth fell open in the way it had whenever he was asked to do anything useful.

"What's to do?" said the captain.

"I never set a table in my life."

"And who did it for you, please?"

"The servants."

"You don't tell me. And it was the same servants who threw you into the water, scrubbed the clothes off your back, left you to starve or to drown like nobody's cat?"

Pinocchio remembered how, one time, when he had told lies, his nose had stretched and stretched, and he was frightened. He hung his head and looked foolish.

"Listen to me, my lad. I'm young and you're old, maybe. Be that as it may, remember this. No good ever came out of telling a lie. None. Two things you'll have to learn before you're a minute older. First and foremost: Tell the truth. Second, last, all the time: Do a decent day's work every day

you see the sun rise. Mind what I tell you, for I'm the boy that knows. Now, away with you and set the table the best you can."

Like a flash Pinocchio sped off to his task. He found a pile of plates in the cupboard and set them like a tower at one end of the table. Next he found seven cups and saucers, no two alike, which he set in a pretty ring in the middle of the table. The remaining space he decorated with knives and forks and spoons, placing them wherever he thought they looked well. The design was good, but it left no room for table service and allowed no chance to eat.

He was busy trying to find a place for a large blue jar he had found when the captain came in, carrying two bowls of steaming porridge.

"Preserve us, what's this?" said he.

"I did my best," said Pinocchio proudly. "If you'd had more dishes I'd have put them on too."

"I believe you," sighed the captain. "Now, like a good boy, put them all back where they belong,

for, being what we are, we can eat only from one plate and drink from but one cup at a time."

Pinocchio was disappointed, but he returned the dishes to their places and sat down to the table.

"There. Eat that and grow hair on your teeth," said the captain.

Pinocchio dropped the spoon he was carrying to his mouth.

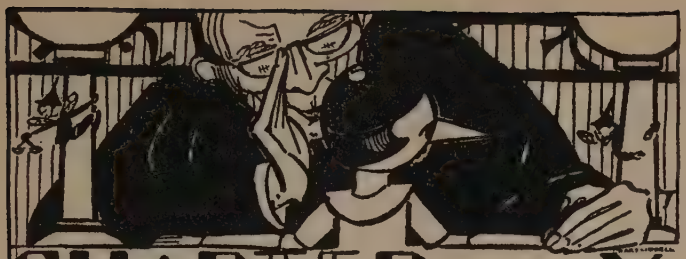
"Hair on my teeth? Oh, I don't want hair on my teeth. I'd rather not eat it, please."

"Preserve us, what a little woodenhead it is, to be sure. I only meant it would make you strong as a lion."

Pinocchio turned pale. Lions and he were not on good terms.

"There, there, eat your breakfast. 'Tis plain you can't be left around loose in the world. It's in a good school you ought to be."

Pinocchio started eating his porridge as though life depended upon his finishing it in good time. But the mention of school had been like a dash of cold water on his spirit.



CHAPTER X

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS

SLOWLY the little boat puffed her way up the beautiful Hudson River. Pinocchio watched the rocks and hills and woods slip by like one in a happy dream. Surely this was the entrance to the wonderland he was searching for.

"What's that castle over there? Who lives there?"

"The big one with the flag? Soldiers live there. That's the school for soldiers."

"School? Do soldiers have to go to school?"

"To be sure. How else do you suppose they could learn to be soldiers?"

"Does everybody have to go to school in this country?"

"Everybody."

"Why?"

"To learn their business."

"Did you go to school?"

"To be sure, I did."

"Did you like it?"

"Well, now, I can't say I did, and I can't say I didn't. It was a sort of betwixt and between with me."

"Me too. It always came between the things I wanted to do. I am not going to school."

"I wouldn't say that now. It did me good in the end."

"What good did it do you?"

"Well, for one thing, it taught me how to work. I wouldn't own this boat and be sailing up this river to-day if I hadn't gone to school."

"Ah! It taught you to work? Then if you hadn't gone to school you wouldn't have to work. I don't care to work. So I won't go."

"Ach, what's the use of talking? Wash a donkey's head and you waste time and soap. Chil-

dren like you have to go to school, and that's the end of it."

"Maybe for you, but not for me," thought Pinocchio. But he was wise enough to keep the thought to himself.

When the boat landed, the captain took Pinocchio under his arm exactly as though he were a bundle of newspaper and carried him into a big building in the heart of a busy city.

Once inside the place, he stood the marionette upon his feet, took him by the hand, and led him to where a kind old gentleman sat at a very high desk.

"Here is a little woodenhead, Your Honor. I found him swimming about in New York Harbor. He doesn't seem to belong to anybody. I had to take him on my boat to save him from the police. I was going to take him to the children to give them a playmate, but on second thought it came to me that he might be better off in a good school where he could grow into something. Could you send him to one where they'd take good care of him? Maybe make something out of him?"

"How interesting!" said the judge, leaning far over the edge of his desk and peering down at the queer little figure below. "Isn't he little? And isn't he quaint? Foreigner, I suppose?"

"I couldn't say as to that, Your Honor. He seems to understand any language spoken to him. He's especially good at the stomach language," and here the two gentlemen chuckled at some good joke of their own.

"What is your name?"

"Pinocchio."

"Pinocchio? From Italy? I see. I see."

"Yes, Excellency."

"Why did you run away?"

"Maybe I didn't run away."

"But you surely did."

"Who told you?"

"The fairies."

"I never knew the fairies to tell things to old people before. You are very old to have talk with the fairies, Excellency."

"True. I have had a long acquaintance with

them. I met them first when I was about your age. We have been friendly ever since."

"Imagine!"

"Oh, yes. I ran away when I was your age, but the fairies brought me back."

"They did?"

"Let me tell you. Please never repeat this to a soul. I would not tell anyone but you who are so close to fairies. You will understand."

The judge beckoned Pinocchio to come close to him. He leaned over and whispered in Pinocchio's ear, cupping his hand against his lips to make sure no one else heard. "All my life I have been running away and they have been bringing me back."

"Dear, dear," said Pinocchio, waggling his head from side to side in sympathy. "Dear, dear. How dreadful!"

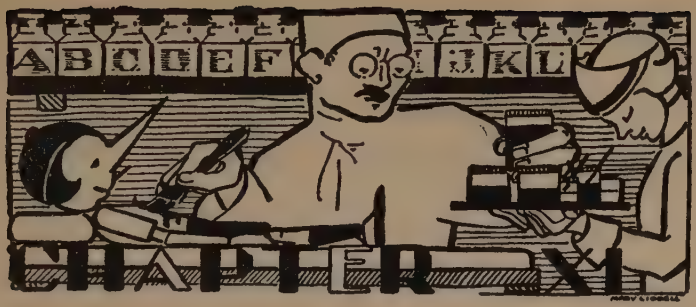
"By and by you get used to it. You have to be going somewhere and coming back again, don't you? So there it is. Now, how about your going to school? Yes, I think you'd better go to school. What do you think, Captain?"

"I think you are perfectly right, perfectly, perfect-ly right. We'll send him to school and make something of him."

Pinocchio felt that all was lost. Fairies or no fairies, this man would send him to school. He could do anything he pleased with him. It would be well to be polite. Old people liked children to be polite. He would be polite. He backed three steps and made three bows, each one lower than the one that went before.

When he stood erect once more, a lady was by his side. She took his hand. "Come, Pinocchio. Say good-bye to the captain and start for school."

Before he could think twice, he was out of the building and into a big automobile traveling swiftly toward a new adventure.



ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD

PINOCCHIO was so stunned by the whole affair that for a full five minutes he did not speak. Then he gathered breath and courage and asked, "Where are you taking me, most gracious princess?"

"I am not a princess, Pinocchio. I am an officer of the children's court. I am taking you to a good school where you can learn the things you have to know."

Pinocchio's voice was doleful. "*Misericordia!*"

"Cheer up. I am your very good friend."

Pinocchio laid his hand upon his heart and made

a very stiff bow. "Thank you, most lovely and gracious lady. I seem to have many kind friends. In this world one cannot have too many. But tell me this: why do my friends, who ought to love me, try to send me to school where I can only be most miserable? Why bother me about learning things I do not care to know?"

A light flickered across the face of the gracious lady. Pinocchio thought for an instant he felt the touch of soft wings upon his face. A memory of the blue fairy stirred in his hard little head as the lady turned toward him and said patiently, "You are so young, Pinocchio."

"True. But one can grow old without going to school to learn how."

"No, no, my boy. It is for that very reason you go to school. We must all learn how to grow old. We can never get enough wisdom for that. It is hard to learn, but it is easy to know too little."

"Of course, of course," broke in Pinocchio, waving his arms like a pair of fans. "But I know much already. Should I need to know more, all I need to

do is to call upon my good friends," and he smiled brightly at his own cleverness.

The car stopped before a great building set in a beautiful park. Pinocchio was too busy looking about him to notice that the lady had not answered him.

"So this is Pinocchio? Pinocchio from Italy? Well, well. How do you like America?" asked the polite gentleman who met him at the door.

"It is perfect," said Pinocchio, bowing in his best manner.

"We are so glad you like it. Did you enjoy the trip across?"

"It was longer than I could wish, but what is done is done."

"Quite so. And your good father, Gepetto. How is he? Did he swim across with you?"

"No. He had a touch of rheumatism in his back and a cold in his head and so much business to attend to for the king that he could not be spared. He begs you will excuse him, Excellency, and allow him to come another time. He begs you to be

kind to his Pinocchio, who is the breath of his soul."

"Quite so, quite so," said the gentleman, writing busily in a big book. "We will do our best. I think he would better begin in the baby class, Miss Alice. Take him to the infirmary for examination."

Pinocchio's heart fell to the very bottom of his hopeless self. His feet were like chunks of wood as he followed the nurse down the hall, past door after door, sniffing strange smells, catching glimpses of busy people doing grown-up things he did not understand. It was all very confusing.

After walking what he thought to be miles of halls, he felt himself gently pushed through one of the open doors and heard a voice say, "This is Pinocchio, Doctor. See what you think of him."

Sitting on a tiny chair in the quiet room, Pinocchio's eyes soon cleared sufficiently to see that he was in the whitest room his eyes had ever beheld. Nothing could have been whiter than the walls and furniture of that room. He blinked at the brightness of it.

The man who came toward him was dressed in spotless white. Nobody could have been cleaner—nobody could have had clothes that said "Cleanliness" any louder.

Suddenly Pinocchio knew that he was dirty. He knew that there was a gray spot behind his ears. He felt the sand under his finger nails grow into mountain ridges. He heard the spot on his coat shouting with a voice of thunder, "Why didn't you clean me off? I'm a sight!"

The white-clad doctor spoke. "Good-morning, Pinocchio. Of course this is Pinocchio. Nobody in the world could have such an inquiring nose but Pinocchio. Why are you hiding? Not proud of yourself to-day?"

"Yes, I am," said Pinocchio, suddenly lifting his head. "I was only wondering why you liked white so much? I'd like your house better if it had other colors. Couldn't you get a piece of rainbow?"

"We have a whole rainbow. We loaned it to the fairy, and she hasn't brought it back yet. She said

something about needing it for you. How about a bath and a clean uniform?"

Pinocchio hung his head and was silent.

"Bring me the paint and some brushes," said the doctor, and the nurse handed him a tray filled with boxes and tubes and brushes and a sponge cup full of water.

Pinocchio was scrubbed and rubbed and polished until he shone like a new glass bottle.

"Now for a new uniform. We'll dress you in the uniform of the school. You get one stripe on your sleeve to show you are in First Class."

"How clever of you to know that," said Pinocchio, beaming upon the doctor.

"To know what?" asked the doctor, filling his brush with orange paint.

"That I am first class. Very few people seem to know that so soon."

"A-hem!" said the doctor, brushing busily on the back of the little wooden head. "There you are. Now look at yourself. You were never so handsome in all your life."

The vain marionette was delighted with himself. He turned about before the mirror, admiring his bright-blue trousers, his white blouse and green tie, his black stockings and shoes, orange cap with green buttons, just matching the tie.

"I am truly handsome," said he. "All I lack is a sword."

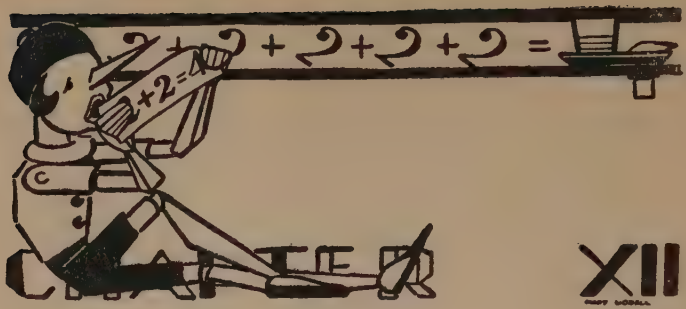
"You don't need a sword in school. We'll give you a pen instead."

"A pen? Thank you, Excellency, but what could one do with a pen?"

"Everything you could do with a sword and do it better."

"Could one salute with a pen, Excellency?"

"Right royally. All you have to do is to learn how. This is the place to learn. Work hard. Do your very best. You will have to grow another kind of head. The one you are wearing isn't very much good. In fact, it is likely to crack any minute. Study a little each day and it will improve. Grow the right sort of head on your shoulders, and I tell you there isn't anything in the world you cannot do."



XII

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW WON'T HURT YOU

ALL the way down the hall Pinocchio felt his head and wondered if the cracks were showing. He hoped not. "So long as they don't show, it doesn't matter," said he.

He had not much time to think about it before he was ushered into a big classroom full of little boys.

At sight of Pinocchio they stopped work and smiled. He thought the smiles were smiles of joy at seeing him. The thought went to his head. He swept off his hat with his very best manners and began a speech.

"Good-morning, boys. I am Pinocchio, your

friend from Africa whose home is in Italy. I am the Pinocchio who swam the ocean to be with you this morning. I have seen great sights. I have had adventures. I have learned much that I will tell you. Your eyes will open wide in wonder."

At this point the class laughed loud and long, clapped their hands and shouted, "Hurrah for Pinocchio! Hurrah for the Great Pin!"

The teacher sternly called them to order and said to the smiling Pinocchio, "We do not make speeches about ourselves here. We let our work speak for us. What work can you do? Do you know your tables?"

"Nobody better," said Pinocchio, laying his hand upon his imaginary sword and saluting the teacher. The answer to the first question was easy.

"Tables? I know them all. Breakfast table, lunch table, dinner table, tea table, supper table, and if there is none, a box will do as well. I'm not proud. I can eat at any table. Indeed——"

The roar of laughter that greeted this speech drowned out what else he might have said.

"There, there. Enough. I can see you are fit only for the beginner's class. Sit over there. Take this lesson. You scarcely know that two and two make four."

"Two and two? Where have I heard that before? Two and two are enough. That I already know. The four part, though? I think calling it enough is a better way, don't you?"

"No, I do not. Two and two make four. Sit down over there and learn it. Say no more about it or anything else until I hear you recite."

Pinocchio took the card with the strange marks upon it and sat down in his corner wondering what he was to do with it. A card like this he had never seen before.

Perhaps it was good to eat? The teacher had mentioned tables. There might be something to eat in the matter. He could chew it well and see. He chewed and chewed but got little comfort out of it.

"Well, do you know your table now?" asked the teacher.

"No, dear teacher, I have not found it yet, but if

you will show me where it is I will welcome the sight, for, believe me, I have not eaten since this time yesterday."

"But the table, the table. Stick to the table. Never mind the eating just now. How much are two and two?"

"Why vex ourselves with two and two? I have already agreed with you that it is enough. When I hear two and two coming, I say it is enough. The matter is settled. Now, where is the table? I die of hunger."

"There is but one thing to do with such lazy boys as you. You shall have bread and water for your lunch, and you shall stay in a room by yourself until you know two and two make four. Where is your card?"

"My card? The card with the marks on it? Why, I ate that. I chewed and chewed but I found nothing tasty about it. Perhaps, though," suddenly remembering his manners, "I shall learn to like such food by and by. There's a lot in getting used to things."

With a sigh of smothered impatience, the teacher said, "The card was not intended to be swallowed whole. You should have learned it day by day. You must not eat your card. It puts me to the bother of making you another one."

"Then do not, I beg of you, put yourself to the trouble. I can very well do without. It did not have such a pleasant taste. Did my ears deceive me or did I hear you say something about bread?"

Talking to himself in troubled tones, the teacher led Pinocchio down another long hall, showed him into an empty room and, setting a plate of bread and a glass of water before him, said, "Here you stay until you learn your table."

Pinocchio ate the bread to the last crumb and drank the water to the last drop, but he gave not a thought to the lesson. Sighing at the thought that there was nothing left on his plate, he slid off his chair ready for the next adventure. He took one step toward the door, and then stood fixed with astonishment at what he saw.

FOOLS RUSH IN WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD

SEATED before the door of the study room was a big man reading a book. He did not raise his head at the sound of Pinocchio's footsteps but went on reading and turning pages and reading some more.

Pinocchio coughed.

Without making a sign of having seen or heard, the man turned another page and went on reading.

Pinocchio had an attack of coughing.

Silently the man read on. For all the notice he took of him, Pinocchio might have been made of thin air.

"Please," said Pinocchio, growing bolder, "I should like to pass."

Not a sign from the big man. He turned another leaf.

"Ah, I know. He is so busy he does not see me. He does not hear me. He does not know I am here. I'll slip under his legs and get away."

Slyly Pinocchio made himself as small as he could, slid under the big man's legs, and made a dash for freedom.

Like a huge pair of scissors the great legs came together, and there was Pinocchio nipped between them. Too frightened to breathe, he made no effort to escape. In silence the man read on, turning page after page without so much as a glance at his luckless prisoner.

In the distance a bell rang. There was a sound of marching feet. Then quiet. Then more marching feet. Quiet again. The school was working on schedule. Pinocchio was a close prisoner. Tears gathered in his eyes and ran slowly down his cheeks. He did not even try to wipe them away.

After what seemed to Pinocchio a thousand years, the door opened and the teacher entered. He did not seem to see Pinocchio's sad plight but said cheerfully, "Know your table? How many are two and two?"

"If I were free I might tell you the right answer," said the prisoner slyly.

"Let him stand up and see if he knows the answer," said the teacher.

The silent keeper parted his knees, and Pinocchio stood free. He scratched his head. He looked at the ceiling. He looked at the floor. He rubbed the end of his nose and looked thoughtfully at his fingers. But no word did he utter.

The watchman made a strange sound. Pinocchio turned to look at him and for the first time saw him clearly. What he saw set him to wondering harder than ever. He did not like it at all. In his place you would have felt the same way.

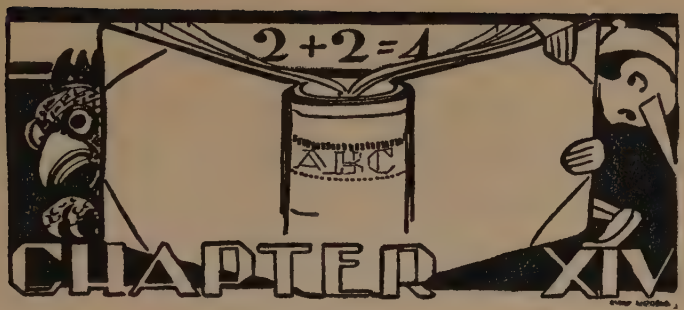
The man who sat so still and who held on so hard looked for all the world like a very angry old rooster. His rolling red eyes were the eyes of a

rooster. The sharp, high curve of his nose was the high hooked beak of an old rooster. To make things worse, he had the long scraggly neck of one forever swallowing something which was forever rising and being swallowed again. A terrible old rooster. No pleasant companion for a boy who had not studied his tables.

"Please, dear teacher," said Pinocchio in the meekest of voices, "please tell me this secret of yours. Tell me what you want me to say and I will say it. Your wishes are mine. I am only a little boy and I don't know very much. What is it you wish me to say?"

The teacher smiled sadly at the little figure before him. "Two and two are four, Pinocchio, whether you say it or not. Try to remember. Until you learn that two and two make four the lessons here will do you little good. Here it is, all in this book. Learn the lesson well," and the teacher went away.

Poor Pinocchio. No friends. No friends. His heart was sick for home.



TWO AND TWO ARE FOUR

A SHARP, a familiar sound sent a little trickle of fear down his back. Instantly he was wide awake and on his tiptoe.

"To work. To work," croaked the watchful rooster in a terrible voice, rolling his red eyes and flapping his wings violently. "No idling here."

Pinocchio, very uneasy, buried his nose in his book. Now and then he lifted his head to see if the watchful one was still there. He was always there swallowing wickedly, rolling his eyes, croaking, "Work, there is no place for idlers. To work."

This was dreadful. Pinocchio groaned as though he had two stomachaches.

What if one did not know about two and two? What if one did not care at all? Why should one be locked up with a mean old rooster, a red-eyed, ill-tempered old rooster? Still, if this was the way of the world it was the way of the world. There was no use fretting. One could always go to sleep.

Scarcely had he shut his eyes again when he felt a sharp peck on the top of his head. With a terrible squawking the watchful rooster was upon him.

"To work. Two and two? Eh? How many are two and two?"

Imagine a sharp peck between every two or three words, a couple of whacks with a pair of bony wings, a din of words in the ears, and you have some little idea of how Pinocchio felt. He gave up.

"Tell me, Excellency, and I shall know."

"No use telling you. First place, you wouldn't believe it. Second, you wouldn't remember it. Third and forever, it wouldn't be the right answer for you because the right answer for me is the wrong answer for you, although the answer always comes to four.

"You've got to work. You've got to work. You have to find your own four. Why don't you look in your book?"

"Pax. He knows no more than I do," said Pinocchio to himself. "When I find out, if ever I do, I'll tell him. It seems to be very important to these old people. I'll have to find out about it and tell them the answer. Then I can get away from here and find freedom and fame and fortune."

He felt the book in his hands move. He looked at it and found that it had changed into something that he could scarcely see; something misty and sprinkled with sunlight and starlight and moonlight. Coming out of the mists was a lovely blue fairy. She was pointing behind her, and Pinocchio caught a glimpse of home, of Gepetto patiently searching for him, patiently eating his crusts of black bread, patiently working for money to buy a book and a cup of milk for a little woodenhead far away.

He caught a glimpse of himself running, running, running, down a long road that seemed to

have neither beginning nor end. He seemed to be forever leaving the pleasant places behind him and never touching one long enough to know it. Fruit and flowers and friendly people all came to meet him and were forever behind him. How had he passed them? Why was he alone and friendless and hungry and sad?

Pinocchio bowed his head and sobbed. Great tears dripped from the end of his nose. He was a most unhappy sight.

"What is the matter, Pinocchio?" asked the fairy.

"Ah, me, I am so stupid."

"Fine, Pinocchio. Already you have learned much."

"No, no, my dear friend. The more I think, the less I know."

"Splendid, Pinocchio. I have great hopes for you."

"I have none for myself. How am I to get out of this place? I am dead inside. I am empty. I am cold. I am friendless. Unless you will be my friend and help me with this two and two?"

"There you must be your own friend and help yourself. Two and two are always four, Pinocchio. Remember that. No matter how you try to change the answer, it always comes back to four. Try to remember, and by and by you will understand, if you will only try to look behind things. Look behind books, behind words, behind actions. Search."

"Ah. My poor head. I'll try to remember. But to what good? You cannot eat this four. You cannot wear it. You cannot give it away. What good is it?"

"You can do all things with it. You can pay your way out of the room of the Watchful Rooster with it, IF you get it. Now, cheer up. Here comes your teacher."

"Well, my boy, do you know your lesson?"

"Yes, sir. Two and two are four," said Pinocchio solemnly.

"Very good. I've brought you a treat. I knew you would know it by this time"; and the teacher handed the starving Pinocchio a great slice of bread and butter sprinkled with sugar.

"Ha, I have found the way. Now I know," said he, strutting down the long hall.

But I have to tell you the truth. Not one word of what the fairy said, or of what the teacher meant, or of what the Watchful Rooster had pecked into him did that little woodenhead understand.

WHAT'S BEHIND THE ANSWER?

YOU think, perhaps, Pinocchio did better after his stay in the room with the Watchful Rooster and his little talk with the blue fairy? Not at all. How can one remember to do the things one does not want to do? He was as heedless as ever.

His work was so poor that at last his teacher lost patience and said, "I've had enough of this. Look what you have done to-day."

It was a bad record. He had every example wrong. His papers were a mass of blue O's and X's. He had lost the place in reading again and again. He had dropped his book and broken its back. He had broken the points off four pencils. He would

have broken more, only the teacher would not give him any more. He finished the morning's list of misdeeds by spilling the ink over a pile of copy-books.

"That is all I can stand from you," said the teacher. "To-night you stay in and you do your work right if you sit here with me until midnight."

Poor Pinocchio. He watched the class pass out of the room. He heard them shout with joy as they raced on the playground. He and the teacher were alone.

Silence filled the room. Only the voice of the old clock on the wall, click, cluck, in time with the swing of the pendulum, spoke to the sad little boy.

Click, cluck, kl-ick, kl-uck. The deeper the silence the stronger the voice of the old clock. The teacher, weary after a hard day, nodded in his chair. Pinocchio watched his head nod lower and lower. At last he snored. Pinocchio smiled.

Slowly, his feet shod with the softness of a mouse's shoe, he slipped out of the room and away.

"Pinocchio, Pinocchio, child of the wind, who

can catch Pinocchio once he kicks the earth from beneath his feet? Who can catch the spirit of the wind that gives speed to his heels? I'm away in search of liberty. Catch me who can," and he flew down the road like a feather before the gale.

The afternoon sky grew darker. A grumbling and rumbling rolled along the horizon. Pinocchio sped on. A zigzag light danced behind him. Pinocchio sped on.

A crashing, smashing, roaring thunder shook the earth. A wild gale shrieked about his head. A sea of water broke upon him. Twigs struck him. Bits of sand smote his eyes. Pinocchio could go no farther.

Choking and gasping, he hid his face against a great tree. His nose rammed the door of the owl's house. She flew into his face and slammed the door to so violently that he fell backward and sat down hard on a toad, who didn't like it.

"What's this—what's this? It's getting so that a person can't come out to get his back washed without having some ungainly thing fall on him. Why don't you look where you're going?"

"I wasn't going. I was——"

"Then what's stopping you? Don't you know when you're not wanted?"

Pinocchio got on his feet, opened his mouth to talk back, and the wind, with a shout of laughter, filled it full of cold air.

"I-ik, I-ik," he sputtered.

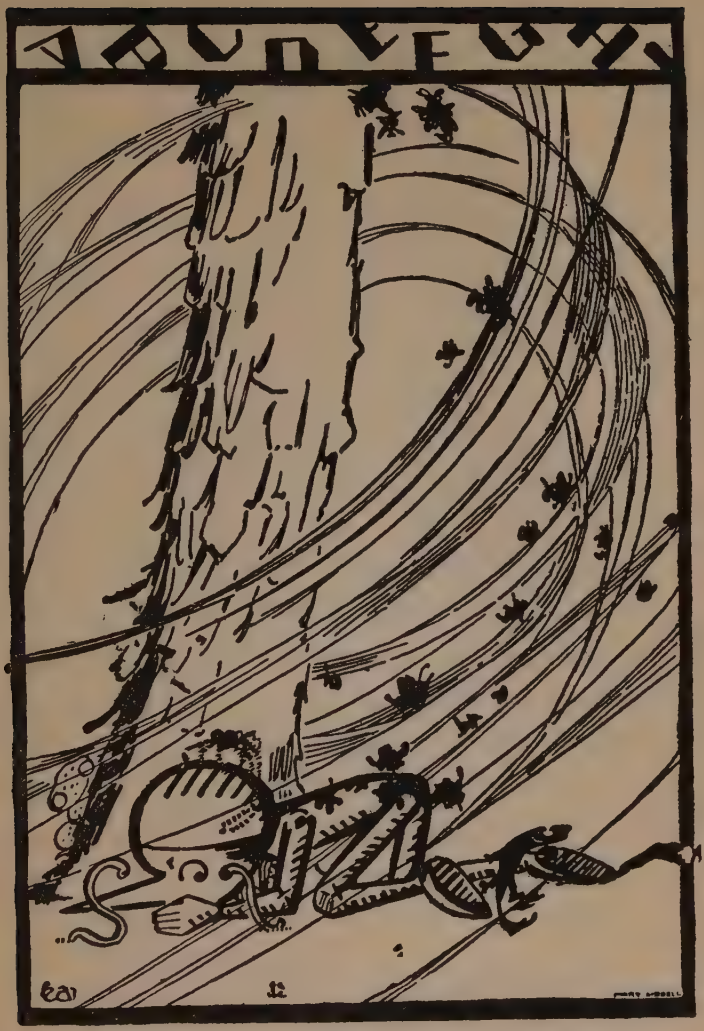
"Boom, boom—un, oom, oom," came the thunder.

"Zicky, icky, ik," said the lightning, dancing all about him like a crazy N. "I thought you could run. Let's see you."

Pinocchio, frightened out of his wits, dashed madly ahead. But wherever he went there was the lightning, a creature always shaped like a ragged N, all legs, no feet, no hands, no head, just legs. He danced in the air. He laughed in Pinocchio's face. He snapped his fingers on the end of his nose and said, "Run, now. Let's see you run."

"Crash, boom-diddy-boom-diddy-boom, boom, boom," roared the thunder.

"Swish!" fell the rain in great sheets.



A WILD GALE SHRIEKED ABOUT HIS HEAD

"Zicky, zicky, sik-k-k," danced the lightning.

Pinocchio darted hither and thither.

He splashed into a pond, where an old goose and gander were swimming. The gander bit him on the leg.

"Ouch, look out what you're doing," shouted Pinocchio, very angry.

"Look out where you put your legs," said the gander crossly. "I've got all I can do to manage my own."

Again the thunder roared behind him and the lightning crackled in his clothes.

"Why don't you go on and let me alone?" said he.

"Why don't you keep out of my way?" laughed the lightning, stretching himself into a very long narrow N and snapping his fingers on Pinocchio's dripping nose once more. "Anyway, didn't you say you could run? Go on, I'll race you across the meadow."

"Go away from me. I don't want to race you."

"What did you come out for, then? Didn't you

come out to race? I heard you say so. So did the thunder. Didn't you, Thunder?"

"Br-oom, br-oom, br-oom," rolled the thunder down the hills.

Once more Pinocchio fled before the storm. Ahead of him was a little umbrella bobbing up and down. A jolly-faced beaver looked out from under it.

"Where are you going without an umbrella?" said he.

"I came away without one," said Pinocchio.

"You ought never to do that," said the beaver. "In this world you ought never to go about without two umbrellas."

"Why two?" asked Pinocchio.

"One for dry days and one for wet ones, of course. We beavers are always ready for the weather. Wet or dry it is all the same to us."

"But not for marionettes," sighed Pinocchio.

"Marionettes? Whoever heard of marionettes? Beavers I was talking about. Nobody else matters a drop of water," and he tipped his umbrella so that

a stream of cold water poured down Pinocchio's back.

"Now if you had been a beaver, I might have——"

Nobody knows what kindness he might have shown, for just then the wind rose with a terrible shriek, the rain came in a flood, the lightning pranced all over the sky, and Pinocchio ran for his life.

He dodged behind trees, but the wind and the rain and the lightning chased him round and round. He lay down on the ground. The earthworms poked their noses into his ears and whispered jokes about him. The ants nipped him. The toads would have none of him. The little red lizards raced over his bare legs and tickled him with their wiggly tails. Dead leaves stuck to him. Mud plastered him. What didn't happen to him?

Round and round he ran, looking for shelter. He spied a light and made his way toward it. He came to a big door with shining handles and knocked with all his might. The door opened. A familiar

voice said, "So? You've come back? The Watchful Rooster will be glad to see you."

Poor marionette. He had run away and run back again. all in an hour.

THIS TO-MORROW OF YOURS LASTS FOREVER

KUKITY, kukity, kuk, kuk, kuk. I thought you learned your lesson last time. Here you are back again. You must be hard-headed as a tenpenny nail," said the old guard, swallowing fearfully and rolling a red eye toward the little prisoner. "Why don't you learn it and stop bothering me? I want to study my own book."

"I did learn it. Two and two are four. How could I know there was something behind it? Where do you get behind it?" And the tears dripped mournfully off the end of the long nose, splash, splash on the nice clean floor.

The Watchful Rooster swallowed hard. He took his hooked beak firmly between his claws and blew it like a hunting horn, into a big yellow handkerchief. If one hadn't known him as well as Pinocchio did, one might have thought him sorry for the poor little marionette. But he put his handkerchief into his back pocket, cleared his throat, swallowed a great many times, and croaked.

"How could you know there was anything behind anything unless you looked? Didn't I tell you to look behind things? Don't you know things are never before things? The thing you want to find is always behind the thing you have found. Something's behind everything. You have to look. It's your business to look. Search. You'll find it."

"That's all very good. Tell me, now, when you have told me so much, Excellency, where is the thing that I am to look behind? I have never seen anything that had anything behind it in my life."

"That's all because your head is wooden. Your head ought not to be wooden."

"But how can I help it? All my people have wooden heads. I was born with a wooden head. Ask Gepetto. He made me out of a cherry stick."

"Kuk, kuk. Don't blame others for what you do to yourself. Take the blame to yourself. And that's one of the things that's behind things. But it won't do a bit of good for me to stand here telling you those great truths. You'll never understand a word of them until you find them for yourself. Off now. To work."

Life was now a round of duty for Pinocchio. There was no idling under such watchful eyes as those of the old rooster. There was no whispering behind books. There were no stolen naps. What good to steal a nap only to be wakened by a sharp peck in the back of one's neck? A single nod, and "Peck," there he was. Nor was there any use shirking. Whatever was shirked must be gone over again.

Did the marionette's pencil slacken? Did he turn away an instant from his task? The Watchful Rooster was upon him, neck stretched, red eyes

glaring, hoarse voice croaking. One squawk of his voice was like a siren blast, fit to split even the skull of a woodenhead.

"To work."

The day's order was severe. Five hours of study; five hours of mending things and correcting mistakes; half an hour for eating; two hours of running and exercising in the yard; four hours of trying to think out what was behind things, and only a wink of sleep.

So. Then you agree with Pinocchio? This was a very long day? To him the hours of study stretched into next week. Hours have a quality of stretching and shrinking according to what one does with them. Play makes them shrink into minutes and work makes them lengthen to days. One never understands this measuring of time. Perhaps it is one of those things that are hidden behind things? Who knows?

Long as the days seemed, driven as he was under the beak and eye of the Watchful Rooster, Pinocchio did not get the right answer to his examples,

nor could he write a composition without making blots and many mistakes in spelling. In fact, he improved so slowly that it looked as if he might stay in that room forever.

EVERYTHING COMES TO HIM WHO WAITS

IN THE long hours of the night he lay awake thinking. Thinking did not hurt as much as it used to. Loneliness and much practice helped.

"What mistakes I made! I swam the ocean to escape school, and here I am in school. I ran away to find freedom and I am a prisoner. Poor miserable me. I can never do the examples. Why should a man buy six hats? One is more than enough.

"And the spelling? Never shall I learn that. It is without sound or sense. Take but this morning's lesson. Said he, 'Write, "you see me." '

"I cramp my fingers, stick my tongue under my ear, and write with much pain, 'U C Me.'

" 'Wrong, wrong. How can you be so stupid? Write it this way'; and to please him a poor marionette must twist his tongue and cramp his fingers again and again in the making of three crooked marks where but one was needed. Why write 'You see me' when you can write 'U C Me'?

"My star, good Christopher Columbus, my dear Blue Fairy, what is to become of me in this strange land? Come to my aid, or I shall never see my dear Gepetto again."

The poor little marionette sobbed out his heartache and loneliness in the unseeing darkness.

"Oh, my kind fairy, why have you left me alone? Why do you see me weeping and speak no word of comforting hope? Come to my aid and I will never, never disobey again."

As if in answer to his prayer a lovely blue light dawned upon the wall above Pinocchio's bed. A voice sweet as a nightingale's spoke in Pinocchio's ear.

"I am always with you, Pinocchio, but you do not always see me behind things. Here is

a gift for you. Use it well and your troubles are over."

Pinocchio's fingers closed about a magic pencil.

"You have but to wish deeply, holding the pencil in your right hand, and the pencil will work magic for you," said the fairy, and vanished.

Now the happy marionette set to work. As long as he held on to the magic pencil and wished deeply, all the examples had right answers. The spelling did itself correctly as a dictionary, the compositions were works of art.

How excited the Watchful Rooster was to be sure. How eagerly he watched his pupil work. One day the naughty marionette handed him a paper and pretended it was very bad. He hung his head and tried to look ashamed as the Watchful Rooster took out his spectacles, polished them on his great yellow handkerchief, set them astride his hooked beak, and began to read.

"Kuk, kuk, koo-oo," said the Watchful Rooster in glee. He read another line and began swallowing fast and furiously. He read to the end, took off his

specs, and said, "What is this, my Pinocchio? You have done a perfect piece of work. Perfect. Wonder-ful."

"That is nothing for me," said Pinocchio proudly. "I can do as well as that any time."

"Indeed?"

"Any time. I did that little piece just to please Your Excellency."

"Hm-m." The long neck swallowed hard. The red eyes blinked and rolled. "Hm-m. We'll see. We want you to do your best. The best you can do will be all too little. Here are some real tasks. Set about them, and mind, no mistakes. No blots."

At this he handed Pinocchio enough work to fill a stack of books and said in his sharpest voice, "Get this done before lunch time."

The marionette's face fell and his nose seemed to grow by inches. His knees sagged, and the ever ready tears were about to drip when he thought of his magic pencil and marched off like a soldier proud to do his duty, sure of the victory.

"I'll keep my secrets to myself. I'll write such a

story as never before was written by marionette. Then they will let me out. After that we shall see what we shall see."

Grasping his pencil firmly and wishing from the depths of his mind, he crooked his fingers, hooked his tongue about his left ear, and began the work that was to restore him to freedom.

"Christopher Columbus was a brave sailor. He was born in Italy. He was born in a town called Genoa. He was quite as poor as I was. He asked the King and Queen of Spain to give him ships, and they gave him them. But for me there were no ships. I swam the ocean. But Columbus was old and I am young and so I can swim. There are, I find, two worlds to discover. One is for old people. Columbus found that one. The other is for children. I am looking for that one. I may discover it any day soon. I am not having a very good time on the voyage. Neither did Columbus. He went home covered with honors. Maybe I will too. I believe I will. I will if I want to. My star said so. There are many stars shining in the flag of this country. Mine is

one of them. It shines for me, so I know I will be famous in this land. That is all about Columbus to-day, as my hand is stiff."

"Wonderful," said the Watchful Rooster. "You write well. When you have something real to say I have no doubt you will say it well. Come. We will give you a chance in the schoolroom."

Pinocchio danced along behind the rooster, who escorted him to the classroom.

"Here is our friend Pinocchio. He has improved greatly. He has written a masterpiece about himself and Columbus."

"Well done, Pinocchio," cried the teacher. "There is hope for all woodenheads. Well done, Pinocchio."

FORTUNE AND MISFORTUNE DWELL IN THE SAME HOUSE

FOR some time Pinocchio worked with a will. He enjoyed showing the other boys what he could do. But he soon grew weary of that. He began to tire of wishing deeply and working so hard with the magic pencil, and fell into his old lazy ways. Lying in the bottom of his pocket without air and exercise, the pencil began to shrink.

Such a pencil can be kept alive only by daily use, by deep wishing and great effort. Effort of any kind annoyed Pinocchio. He liked to be comfortable. He thought his comfort was important. Under such conditions the pencil faded away into the air from which it came. It vanished completely, lost

by the naughty action of which I am about to tell you.

You know that Pinocchio was greedy. His stomach was always his first and last thought. It was to be his undoing.

The school had a party. A school party always ends up with good things to eat, and this one was a very good party in that respect. There was plenty of ice cream and cake and fruit and chocolate drinks and salted nuts and sugared dates and bags of gum drops and everything to make the mouth of a small boy water.

Pinocchio ate until he could eat no more. He was obliged to go and lie down under an old apple tree to rest from his eating. Here he was joined by some of his idle friends.

Looking for all the world like three or four stuffed sausages, they lay in the shade of the tree and slept, a snoozing sort of sleep that allowed them to see and hear but dimly and to sleep on top of the things that were happening about them.

Lazily they noted the maids going in and out of

the pantry. By and by they were awake enough to see what they were doing. A maid set a box of candy on the window ledge and closed the door after her.

"Look, Pin. She's gone and left that box of candy on the windowsill."

"Huh!" grunted Pinocchio.

"They'll eat it all themselves and won't give us a bit."

"Huh-huh!" grunted Pinocchio.

"Don't you remember the big fat chocolate with the nuts inside? And the fruits that were all covered with sugar? And the red and black gum drops? You like those gum drops. They'll eat them all up and you won't get one. It's a crying shame. That's what it is."

"It is," agreed Pinocchio. "But what would you? In this world everything is a shame. It is a world made for big people. They can eat and we can starve. They laugh and we weep. They make us study books and tell us to look behind things when there is nothing for anything to be behind. They

do whatever they like and make us do whatever they like.

"I'm going to leave this old world. Let them cry. Let them suffer. Let them weep for the mean things they have done to me. They are going to be sorry when they find me dead. They will wish they had been kinder to poor Pinocchio."

He was about to weep tears of bitter sorrow over his own griefs when one of his friends gave him a sharp kick in the shins.

"Forget that, Pinocchio. Nobody cares if you're dead. Come on. Show them a thing or two. Go get that box of candy and we'll eat it. I'd go myself, only you're as lightfooted as a bird and I'm as gentle-stepping as a horse. Go on. Be a real sport."

Pinocchio rose, slipped across the grass like a shadow, opened the pantry door, and started toward the window ledge. Between him and the window stood a big barrel. He hopped up on the top of the barrel. His reach was too short, and he hitched himself a little nearer to get the box of sweets. There was a splash and a smothered cry. Pinocchio's

heels waved wildly in the air an instant and disappeared.

The barrel was one used for salting pork, and at this season of the year was almost empty save for the bath of ill-smelling brine and the stone used to press down the pork. It was this stone that saved Pinocchio from drowning. He stood upon it now and called for help.

Poor Pinocchio. He had gone down head foremost, to the bottom of the barrel. His eyes and ears were full of brine. The bitter stuff burned his nose and throat and made his eyes smart. His cry for help could scarcely be heard. He could not even weep for himself this time, because of the necessity of keeping his eyes shut. Truly he was in a sad plight.

"Help," cried Pinocchio feebly. "Help. Am I to die here like a pickled herring? Am I always to fall into things head down and heels up. What an upside down thing life is—if it is life."

There was no answer. No help came. Up to his neck in the brine he thought of all the naughty

things he had done. He saw the good Gepetto searching for him, heard him calling him. He saw him selling his coat to buy him the spelling book. He saw his wicked little self running away.

He saw all his broken promises, all his greedy gobblings. He saw through smarting eyes the faces of the friends who had been so good to him. He saw again his star high in the sky, promising him fame and fortune and—freedom.

"Oh, my star!" he prayed. "See my sad state. Look upon me and help me to better ways. I am only a poor little woodenhead, but I love to live. Help me once more and you shall see what a noble lad your Pinocchio will become."

As though in answer to his prayer the door of the pantry swung open and the maid crossed the floor.

"Help!" cried Pinocchio with all his strength. "Help, or I die!"

In answer to his call there came a wild shriek, a crash, a splash, a slam-bang. Then silence. Pinocchio closed his eyes. All hope had fled.

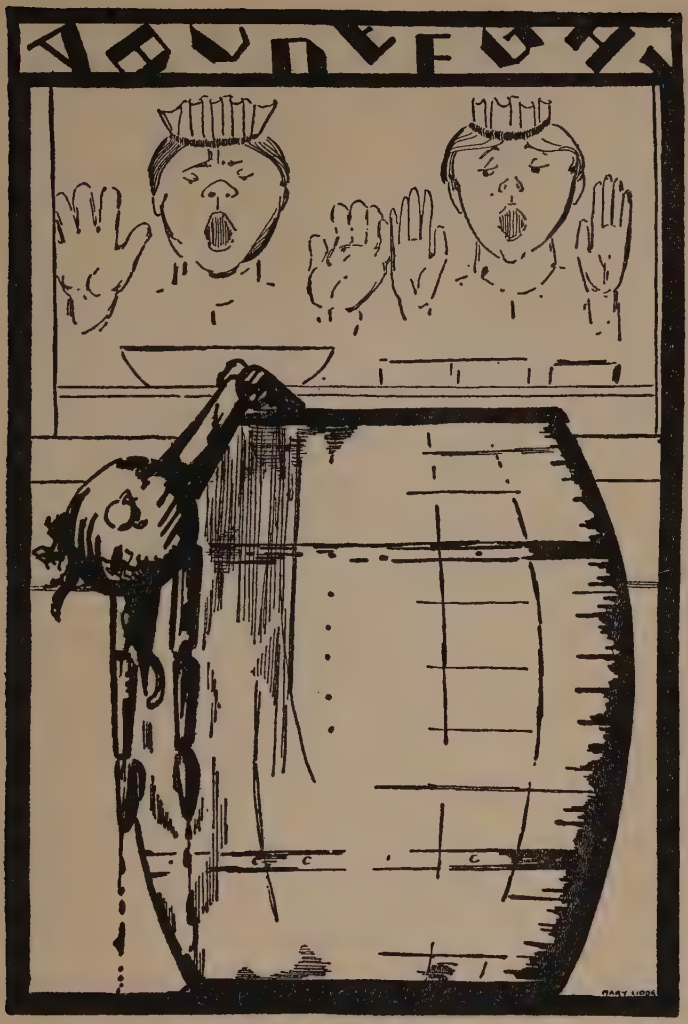
A FINE DAY SHOULD NOT BE PRAISED IN THE MORNING

THE deep silence of the pantry was broken by the noise of hurrying feet and excited voices.

"Oh, I know it is a ghost. What else could it be? It came from the pork barrel. Oh, dear. Oh, dear."

"Nonsense. If there is anything in the pork barrel it is one of those thieving boys. I'll soon fix him. Such a mess! Go get a mop. The whole night's milking gone. Dear, dear. Who's down there? Speak up"; and the matron settled her spectacles firmly upon her nose and peered over the rim of the barrel.

"Nobody. Please, it's only me—your poor Pinocchio."



IN THE PORK BARREL

"So it's you, is it? What do you mean by frightening the life out of a perfectly good maid and spoiling the pork barrel? Come up out of that"; and reaching down a long, strong arm the matron yanked Pinocchio up to dry land.

Such a picture he was, to be sure. Bits of fat and shreds of spiced meat, dabs of spices, clung to his hair. A big bay leaf over his right eye gave him a rakish look, and a curl of tripe wound lovingly round his ear completed the dashing costume. But he shivered like a wet pup and the brine dripped from every angle of his miserable little body. He was feeling far from festive.

The matron gazed at him in silent amazement. The maid went into hysterics, crying and laughing so loudly that people came running from all directions to see what was the matter.

"That's enough," said the matron, sternly. "As for you," turning to the pitiable little figure before her, "what you need is a hot bath and a good dose of castor oil. And that's what you're going to get

this very minute." Wrapping him in her big apron she carried him off in a hurry.

First the matron plunged Pinocchio into a hot bath and kept him in it until he was so warm he thought he must be boiled quite through. Then the rubbing began. He was rubbed and rubbed until he tingled from head to heel. Then he was wrapped in a warm blanket and tucked tightly in bed, the clothes right up under his chin. Only his long sharp nose stuck out.

"It's the first time in my life I have been thankful for my long nose," thought he. "Everything, even misfortune, is of use in this world. As long as my nose sticks out I am sure of one cool spot upon me. They cannot cover my nose."

"Now, then," said the matron smartly, "open your mouth. Don't stop to taste. Down with it. Quickly. All of it."

Poor Pinocchio! The castor oil was the last straw. He turned his face to the wall and prayed to die. But, of course, that was out of the question. Those

who have to take castor oil never die of it, no matter how much they may wish to do so. They feel a lot better in the morning. Pinocchio did.

Morning found him pale but feeling fit. He wakened early with the first song of the birds.

"Now what?" said he, sitting up and looking out of the window at the beautiful morning sun. "If I stay here, what will happen to me? I shall be put back into the room of the Watchful Rooster. No. Better to swim another ocean. Better to be swallowed by a whale. I will escape. Courage, Pinocchio, the same stout heart that carried you across the dangerous seas will carry you to freedom."

With the greatest stealth the little marionette rose, dressed, opened wide the window, and swung himself out on the boughs of the old apple tree. A short swift dash and he was over the wall and far away.

It was a fine June morning. Dew hung on every blade of grass, and the fresh green leaves fluttered

softly as they rose and fell on Mother Earth's kind breast.

The bird's first song had swelled to a great chorus. The air throbbed with melody until Pinocchio felt that he was floating on a sea of sweet sound. He listened, and lost himself in the listening.

Robins whistled, thrushes chortled, finches and sparrows trilled, flickers chanted, wee birds hidden in the thickets warbled and twittered. Recklessly the birds poured out their torrent of melody to greet the rising of the sun. It was their hymn of gratitude, and it was not stinted. Whole-heartedly, they gave their thanks for the dawn of the new day.

"They are very happy," said Pinocchio wistfully. "They are free. They can fly where they will. Nobody says to them, 'How much is two and two?' If only I had been born a bird. It must be a truly happy life."

While the marionette stood gazing, the sun rose high, flooding the earth with soft warm sunshine. The bird chorus died down to the last twitter.

Silence fell upon the shadowed meadows. From a crotch in a near-by tree came the voice of a mother robin.

"Come, children. Having returned thanks for this perfect day, we must get to work and make the best of it. It is time for lessons.

"Puff, you must really try harder to-day if you are to be ready to fly by Friday. Sharp, now, everybody—one, two, three. On my back. Up, away."

There was a whir of wings, and the robin carried her brood to the meadow where they were soon hard at work learning to fly.

They practised starting and stopping. They made funny little runs and hops. Just like trills in music. Two of the three little ones flew from the ground to a low bush near by.

"Very good, very good indeed," chirped Mother Robin. "Come, now, Puff, make an effort."

But Puff sat on a clump of grass, fat, fluffy, lazy to the last feather of his tail. He looked at his mother out of a beady black eye and sat tight.

"Come, now. I'll take you on my shoulder. So. Fly now to the twig beside your little brother."

Not a feather on the lazy birdling stirred. Gently the mother bird set him on the grass.

"I wonder why Puff does not fly like the others," said Pinocchio. "He ought to be ashamed of himself, the fat, lazy little thing. I'll tell him a thing or two myself.

"Puff, why don't you fly like your brothers? You're big enough. It's easy. Your mother ought to make you do it. I would if I were doing it. You lazy thing."

"Is that so, Mr. Snooty! What made your nose so long? Sticking it into other people's business, I suppose. Go fly yourself, if you think it's so easy. Nobody's stopping you."

Mother Robin gave Pinocchio a long, severe look and turned again to Puff.

"Come, be a good boy now. Stretch your wings a little. That's the way. Oh, you can do better than that. Come. Try. Try again."

Puff made a sudden spurt and flew to the little

twig beside his brother and turned his head over his shoulder to stick his tongue out at Pinocchio.

"Puff, be ashamed of yourself. And you, sir, please go to whatever work is waiting for you," said Mother Robin.

Pinocchio stood fast, and Puff refused to budge another inch.

"Very well. Then I must leave you. Your father has been out since three o'clock this morning gathering breakfast. When you get ready you can come in and have some"; and away flew Mother Robin, leaving Puff a bit surprised but as obstinate as ever.

He was settling down on his tail for a good long sulk and Pinocchio was thinking up something very sharp to say to him when over the tips of the juniper bush appeared a long curved beak, a pair of red eyes that rolled about in a mottled red head which sat upon a long and very scraggly neck that seemed to be forever swallowing itself and then stretching itself out again.

With a terror-stricken squawk Puff flew straight to the home nest, where he was received with rap-

tures, and Pinocchio took to his heels as though lightning pursued him.

From behind the juniper bush came the sound of crackling laughter and a sort of hoarse crowing.

THAT IS EASY. ALL THAT I CAN DO, AND MORE

PINOCCHIO did not wait to look behind him, much less wait to ask useless questions. Well he knew who was behind that bush, and he ran until breath failed him. He kept on running until his legs locked and he could not stir another inch.

Ahead of him a short distance he spied the car of the butter-and-egg man. He was delivering his orders before the heat of the day overtook him. Heat is bad for butter and eggs.

On the back of the car there was a big black box with an oilcloth cover. Pinocchio watched the man lift the lid, take out a basket of eggs, and go into a house near by.

"The very thing. Fortune is ever with the brave," rejoiced the little woodenhead. "He takes the eggs out. I get in. What could be better?"

Before you could snap your fingers three times this heedless lad had slipped inside that box. The man came back with the empty basket, tossed it into the car, and Pinocchio started on a new adventure.

"I wonder what it is I am lying on?" said he to himself in the darkness of the box. "I believe it is eggs. Yes, it certainly is eggs. Who could have thought it possible?

"Awk, how sticky they are! I shall be painted yellow and become as stiff as a bundle of spaghetti. This will never do. Besides, the man would not like it when he discovered I had broken his eggs. No, no. A little thought tells me that this will never do."

The car stopped before the next house. As the driver disappeared toward the back door Pinocchio climbed out of the box and into the body of the car, hiding himself between the boxes and under the old bags that covered them.

If you will believe it, another and a wilder plan had entered the marionette's head.

"I'll watch how he does it. Then I'll just hop into his place when he is in the next house, and away I'll go around the world and back again."

Imagine.

With deep attention the little rascal watched the man as he started and stopped the car. He noticed how he pulled a handle and kicked a thing in the bottom of the car.

"Easy," said he. "I can do all that and more. Pull, kick, twist the wheel thing, and there you go. Hold on to the wheel thing and you can't fall out. Hurrah! I'm off."

At the very next stop, the minute the delivery man disappeared, Pinocchio climbed into the front seat and took the wheel. He pulled, he kicked, he twisted. With a backward, forward, snorting jerk, with the roar of an angry god, the car started down the road, an evil spirit let loose.

"Hi, hi, hi!" yelled Pinocchio. "Hurrah for liberty! Hurrah for Christopher Columbus! Hur-

rah for ME, the greatest, the bravest and boldest marionette that ever swam the sea.

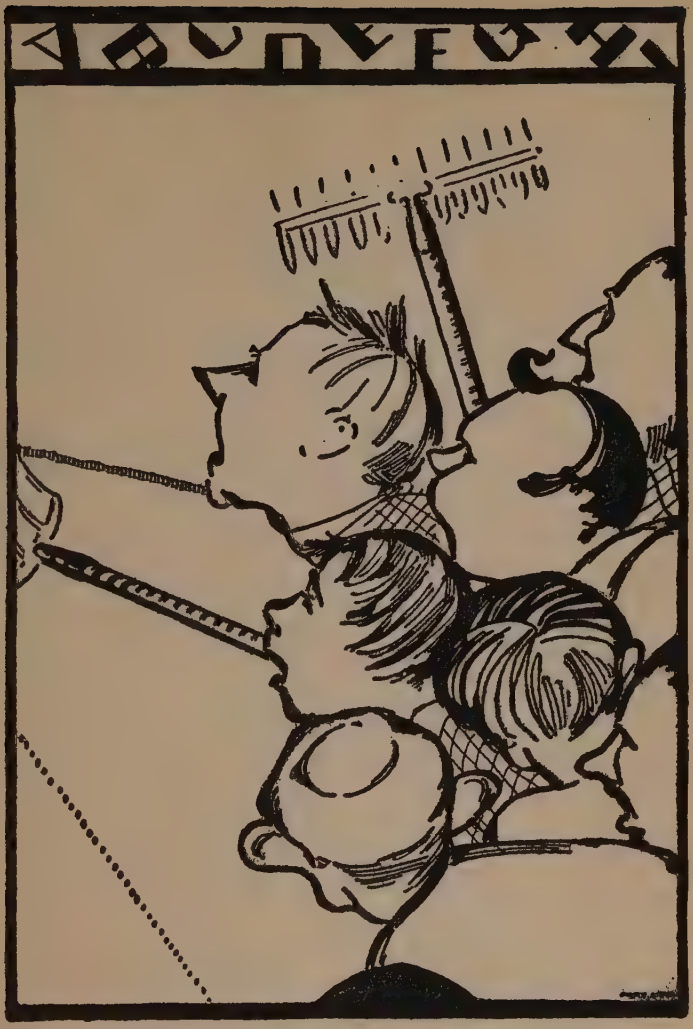
"Hurrah, hurrah for Pinocchio! Pinocchio who jumped on the back of the wild roaring horse and rode him to liberty, to fortune, to fame."

Everything and everybody rushed to get out of the way. Farm wagons loaded for market turned into the ditch, while the drivers shook their whips and waggled their fists. He should get what he did not want, they promised him.

Dogs leaped higher and farther than ever in their lives before. Cats took refuge in the tops of the trees. Chickens went scurrying across the road squawking, their necks stretched into ropes of fear, as they fled to the safety of the barnyard.

Mothers gathered their children about them and screamed fierce words. Men in the fields shouted things which he had no time to hear. On, on, he sped, rejoicing in the excitement he made, thinking it was all due to his great skill as a driver.

"That butter-and-egg man never drove like this," he swaggered, shaving the edge of a stone wall



LED BY THE BUTTER-AND-EGG MAN

with his right rear wheel. "I'll show him how to drive a car. There is something in what my star told me, after all. I am a truly great person."

He braced his body against the back of the seat, stiffened his hold on the wheel, and tore on, a strange sight in the quiet country road, his sharp nose pointed straight forward, the hair of his head standing up stiffly like so many porcupine quills. A good figure for a weather vane in a gale.

He had covered I know not how many miles when he heard voices behind him. Looking back he saw a procession of men in cars and on bicycles coming after him, armed with sticks, pitchforks, guns, and swords.

Just then the gasoline gave out. The car shivered, rocked a little, and, with a shuddering, clattering sigh, stood still.

On came the army, led by the butter-and-egg man. Pinocchio thought of those eggs in the back of the car and a chill ran down his spine. He thought of the Watchful Rooster and the chill struck farther in. He set his teeth. He thought fast.

"Too bad it is over. Riding in a car is far, far better than swimming in the sea, and not nearly as cold. But it seems all good things come to an end. When the good goes, why should I stay behind?"

Directly in front of him stood a clump of bushes. There was no time to spare. Pinocchio rose like a bird and flew straight out over the bushes. There was a splash, and then—silence.

He had gone, plump, to the bottom of an old well.

THE REASON OF ALL HIS TROUBLES

FORTUNATELY for Pinocchio there was plenty of water in the well. He rose to the surface promptly and climbed up on a mossy rock.

"Dear me. This water is very cold. Still, everything has its advantages. I am safe here. The water will wash off the egg I took by mistake. I can sit on this stone and drip myself dry until it is safe to climb out.

"It was a good ride. If only it had lasted longer. Well, as I said before, all things, good and bad, come to an end sometime. I always come out all right, whatever happens."

The little woodenhead actually smiled at his own

cleverness as he sat on a cold stone, dripping water from the end of his nose, fingers, and toes.

He heard the hunters gather about the car; heard them search it; heard them beat the bushes to find him; heard them drive away breathing dark threats of what they would do to him if they found him.

"Let me lay my hands on him and he will never steal another car."

"He will go to jail for this."

"It is a wonder he didn't kill somebody."

"Thief, rascal. I'll make him wish he had not broken my eggs. I'll tell him that."

Pinocchio, in the dark depths of the well, heard all this and trembled. His eyes grew round and solemn. These people were very angry about something. It would be well to keep out of their way. He would do that. The world was wide. He would find another car and——

What was that? Was it? No. It couldn't be. Most certainly, yes, it was. It was the head of the Watchful Rooster, rolling red eyes, hooked beak, scraggly,

swallowing neck that peered from behind the wet rocks.

Pinocchio stirred uneasily. If that old gentleman was about, this adventure might not end so pleasantly. Better climb out and take to the road.

The stone was getting very hard and cold. After all, sitting on the edge of a slippery rock in the depths of an old well, dripping water from the end of your nose, has its limits. Something had to be done.

It was very still in the well. There was no sound save the chink, chink, of the water as it dripped off the shivering little figure to the water below.

Worse than all, there was no food in the well. A drink is all very well, but who wants to drink a whole well full? Pinocchio licked a bit of egg off his sticky finger and sighed. People often starved to death in old wells. Who wants to starve to death? He would climb out at once and risk being caught. Anything would be better than this.

He remembered with a sob the good meals at the school. Always, for breakfast, there was a big bowl

of cereal and milk, nice and hot, that tasted so good on chilly mornings like these. And there was usually an egg or two.

On Sundays there was sure to be prunes—those you got every day—but with them oranges or bananas as a treat. With the eggs there was bacon, nice, crispy brown and gold bacon. Wonderful.

To be sure, there were too many prunes and too few oranges and bananas but heaven is not on earth, and what would you? Certainly, the school was better than this. He would climb out at any cost. A tear ran down the length of his nose. He shook it off and listened to it fall with a "chink" into the water that lapped the soles of his feet.

"I will climb out, whatever happens," said he. "Star of my life, shine down on me," and he turned and began climbing toward the light above him.

But climbing up was not so easy as falling down. The stones were covered with wet moss, which made them very slippery. Each time Pinocchio

tried to plant his foot, it slipped and he skinned another part of his shins.

His knees were raw. His poor nose was so battered that it looked like a very old, very ripe red pepper. Twice he fell into the water, and twice he crawled out again. It was all very sad.

"I see I am to be punished for my bad deeds. I have been a bad puppet, and now I am to suffer with what patience I can. Even if I starve and drown I must not complain. But before I die I will try once again, and very carefully."

Once more he prepared to mount the slippery stones.

"Kr-kr-kr-kr-ick."

Pinocchio wheeled about, caught himself just in time to save another ducking, and sat down hard on a stone.

"You forgot again, didn't you?"

"Yes, Your Excellency."

"You forgot that two and two always make four?"

"No, I learned that, Your Excellency, but what good did it do? I can say it in my sleep. Two and two are four. But it is no charm. Two and two make four. Always four. Yet here I am in the bottom of a well."

"True. But you never learned what was behind the answer. That is why you are here. That is why you have skinned your knees and your knuckles and the end of your nose. That is the reason of all your troubles. You never think what is going to come of your two and two. Never try to get behind them."

"Please, Excellency, what is before and behind my troubles? I will do anything, even the hardest lesson, if you will help me out of this well."

"I will tell you, but it won't do you much good. You have to find your own answers. Behind this trip to the well lies gluttony, disobedience, theft, selfishness. Just as sure as two and two are four, you will go down into the depths and be drowned unless you mend your ways," and the Watchful Rooster scratched his red comb and waggled his head.

Pinocchio was ashamed a little bit. He hung his head. When he looked up again the Watchful Rooster was gone, and only the chink, chink, chink of the dripping water broke the silence.

PUMP FOR ME AND I'LL PUMP FOR YOU

"HULLO, down there. What's the trouble down there? Come up out of that. What do you mean by spoiling the water in my well?"

Startled by this unexpected hail, Pinocchio stopped weeping and looked toward the rim of the well. He saw the sharp eyes of an old farmer peering down at him.

"Please, I don't want to be in your well. I fell in and I can't get out. Good angel, whoever you are, help me."

"What's this? Who are you, anyway? You can't stay in the well and spoil the water. Out you come."

The farmer lowered a bucket, and Pinocchio needed no invitation to climb in. He closed his eyes, felt a strong upward tug, and there he was standing on firm earth once more, the blessed sunshine flooding his chilled body.

"Let's have a look at you. Who—what are you? Pinocchio, you say? Well, you'll come in handy. I'm in need of a scarecrow. You'll do very well to frighten the crows out of the cornfield."

Sticking Pinocchio into the bucket, the farmer carried him home.

"Here, Mother. Look what I found in the well."

"In the well? How did it get there?"

"I never asked him. He fell in, he says. But won't he make a fine scarecrow?" and he pulled Pinocchio out of the bucket and set him upon a chair.

Pinocchio jumped down, knelt at the woman's feet and kissed her hand.

"I'm Pinocchio. The naughty Pinocchio who ran away from his good father in Italy. I came to America in search of adventure and liberty, and I

meet only with misfortune. I am drowned and starving. Save me. Save me, and when I come into my fortune I will richly repay you."

"The poor little thing. I will give it some warm milk and some bread and butter. And I'll give it a good scrubbing, too."

"No, no, no. Feed him, if you like, but no washing, no dressing up. You'd spoil him. I want him to scare crows. He's fine just as he is."

Pinocchio swallowed his pride with the bread and milk. He made no sign of rebellion when the farmer tucked him under his arm and strode across the fields with him.

"Now, then, young fellow. Your stomach is full of my bread and milk. I'll give you a chance to earn them. Keep the crows out of this field. When you see one coming, just give him a look and flap your arms. To make sure you don't lose your way again, I'll tie you," and taking a bit of string from his pocket he tied Pinocchio fast to a stake in the middle of a wide cornfield.

All day the scarecrow stood flapping his long

HEE-HAWED AT THE FUNNIEST THING

arms at the crows who gave him one glance and then flew to the top of the highest tree, cawing in great astonishment and alarm.

Every few minutes a donkey grazing near by put his head over the fence and hee-hawed at the funniest thing he had ever seen in all his life on the farm, a marionette keeping the crows off the corn. He had a mean laugh, and he sent it echoing through the hills so that the world might hear and come to see.

Pinocchio pretended not to hear. What else could he do?

Nor was the donkey the worst. Whenever Pinocchio slackened his flappings, the tufted, scraggly head with the rolling red eyes and hooked beak of the Watchful Rooster appeared over the top of the stone wall, and a Kik, kik, kik, Kr-oo would set him flapping harder than ever.

Every fifteen minutes or so the voice would call, "Kik, kik, kar-oo! You can never buy wisdom abroad if there is none at home. Now, what's behind that, my lad?"

"Two and two," Pinocchio cried in spite of himself.

"Kik, kik, karoo-oo-oo. Remember. Two and two," said the Rooster.

Then things would go on as before, the crows cawing, the donkey hee-hawing, and Pinocchio flapping bravely to save the farmer's corn.

The longest day comes to an end. This one was drawing to a close when the farmer came striding across the field to free him.

"Supper time," said he cheerfully. "Guess you have earned yours this day."

Pinocchio was too weary to answer. He followed the farmer to the pump.

"You pump for me, I'll pump for you," said the farmer, rolling up his sleeves and putting his head under the spout.

Pinocchio worked the handle with a right good will, and the farmer doused his head and shoulders well, dried himself on the roller towel, and then pumped for Pinocchio.

Never had cool water felt so good to the famous

swimmer as it did that night in the farmer's yard when it rushed out of the spout in a broad stream and spread over him a garment of spray. It restored his aching body to freshness and vigor. He came out of the folds of the towel feeling like a new May morning.

What a supper he ate! Fried chicken and biscuits and currant jelly and bread and butter with a great pitcher of milk to top off the feast. Food had never been so sweet to Pinocchio. You who know him remember how expert he was in the matter of sweetness.

When he had eaten his fill he went out and lay down under the big maple tree and watched the long fingers of the evening shadows stretch across the grass.

A lonely whippoorwill called from somewhere off in the cedar trees on the hill, and a sorrowing friend in the dusk of the thicket answered him. The pleasant sound of distant cowbells came from the meadow across the river as the cows were turned out to sleep under the stars.

Off in the hills a dog barked a welcome to his homecoming master. A light like a pointed prayer pierced the dark of the far horizon. With every breath of the evening breeze came the sweet fragrance of green growing things.

Pinocchio sighed in deep content. Never in his life had he put in so hard a day. Never had he known a longer day. But, then, neither had he known such inward peace.

YOU WANT TO ADOPT HIM?

INTO this peace, into this gentle stillness, broke the roar of a speeding motor car. With a snort and a scrunch and a clatter it stopped at the farmer's gate. Two men got out and marched up the path to the door. Pinocchio wondered idly who and what they were. Then his heart skipped a beat and he seemed to turn to stone.

"Good-evening. You haven't seen a little boy about here, have you?"

"Lost a boy, eh?"

"Yes. We have. One of them got out of a window early this morning and ran away and got himself into no end of trouble. Didn't see him, did you?"

Pinocchio strained his ears to listen.

"I did see a little fellow about here this morning and I'd say he was in a mess, at that. What sort of a boy was yours? What did he look like?"

"He's not much to look at. Skinny little scrap. Very long in the arms and legs. You couldn't mistake him. He has a nose as long as to-day and tomorrow. Hasn't a grain of sense in his head. Not a grain—woodenheaded. Very. Didn't see such a chap, did you?"

"Guess I must have. I found one like him sitting in my well."

"No!"

"Yes. There he was dripping water off the end of his nose and looking about as cheerful as a dead frog."

"N-no-o!"

"Yes. Fished him out in the bucket."

"N-no!"

"Yes. I brought him into the house here, and Mother fed him, and he chirked right up good as new and was heading for the road again."

"No!"

"Yes. But I told him his stomach was full of my food and he'd have to earn it. Ha, ha, ha!"

"No-o-o-o!"

"Yes. Made him play scarecrow and keep the crows off the corn, and he did it right well, too. Good stuff in that boy. Mother and I were just talking about him. She thinks she'd like to keep him."

"No-o!"

"Yes. Mother thinks he'd be kinda nice about the place. Brighten things up a bit to have a little fellow like that around, eh?"

"You don't mean you'd want to adopt him like?"

"Yes."

"He'd have to go to school every day, of course."

"Oh, of course. School, of course."

"You know, he doesn't belong to us. He's run away from his people back in Italy. When they claim him, you'll have to let him go back, you know."

"Of course. We'd like him to stay with us un-

til he goes back to his own people, if he has any."

"All right, then. You bring him over to-morrow and we'll fix his papers. You know he's going to be a lot of trouble. If you change your mind, just say the word and I'll take him back to the school."

"No. We'll keep him. Kinda nice to have the little fellow about the old place. Brighten it up a bit, Mother thinks. No, we'll keep him."

"It's no picnic to bring up a little woodenhead like him, you know."

"Yes, yes. We think it would be kinda nice, kinda nice. Good-bye. Good-bye."

Pinocchio scarcely waited for the car to start down the road before he raced to the porch, jumped up on his new godmother's lap, and gave her a great hug.

"I'm going to belong to you. I'm going to belong to you. What a good boy I shall be. You shall see what a wonderful godchild has been sent to you."

He stood on his head, turned handsprings, pinwheels, somersaults. He danced and leaped and sang

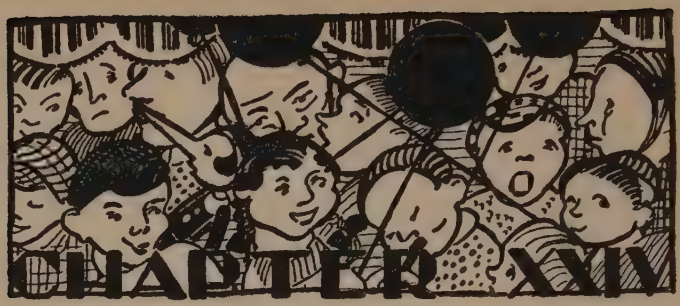
until his new godmother feared he would shake himself apart, and put him to bed.

He said his prayers and was dropping peacefully off to sleep when, believe it or not, there on the foot of his bed perched the Watchful Rooster, head to one side, eyes rolling, long neck swallowing anxiously.

"Kik, kik, kar-rr-oo-oo. Set down the sum and you must swallow the answer. How much is two and two?"

"Now what do you suppose is behind that?" said Pinocchio, tucking one hand under his cheek and going fast asleep in an instant.

A faint blue light dawned on the wall just over the head of his bed and shone there the long night through.



A STRAW IN A GALE

THE long summer days came and went, and Pinocchio stayed on the farm. He was busy from sunrise to sunset, and found the time all too short to do what he wished to do. He would have liked to travel some more, but the memory of his last adventure still lingered, and the thought of the good things on the dinner table, the chicken and the cake and the jam, held him.

Good fortune smiled on the little woodenhead.

He rode the horse to the brook. He liked to feel the great strong creature under him, to sniff the sweet air of the morning, to feel like an emperor reviewing his hosts.

He loved to feed the little calves, to put his hand

HE LIKED TO DO THE THINGS HE ENJOYED DOING

to their velvet noses and feel them nuzzle his palm for the last drops of sweet milk and meal.

He delighted in tossing handfuls of clover to the little pigs who came squealing to the side of the pen to snatch it before it fell.

He chuckled with glee when he drove the ducks to the pond and watched them stand on their heads in the water or swim in a long line like a tiny fleet of trim little boats starting on a voyage of fortune.

He liked to do the things he enjoyed doing, but he always tried hard to get out of doing the things he didn't enjoy. There was still a great deal of wood in him, you see.

About the end of summer the hired boy said, "Going to the circus?"

"To the circus? ME? I know better."

"I'm going."

"You're foolish."

"Go on. You don't know what you're talking about. I wouldn't miss going to the circus for a year's pay. There's lions and tigers——"

"Oh, yes, in your eye, there is. I know all about those lions and tigers. Didn't I go to a circus once. Don't I know what's in the lion's skin? Just men, those lions and tigers, dressed up in skins of dead animals. Old dead tigers. Old dead lions. Men inside them. Didn't they make me carry water to them, and by and by didn't they put me in a cage with the rest of them? No more circus for me. Never."

"Go on. This isn't like that at all. It is a real circus. If you put your head in the lion's mouth he'll bite it right off. Bet you a million dollars. Quick as anything. Just you try it and see. Why when those lions and tigers roar you can feel the ground shake. Worse'n thunder. Fact."

"Ah-h-h, don't talk to me. Maybe for you, but not for me. I stay home. I can water the animals far easier here. No more circus for me. Never."

"All right. Don't blame me for missing half your life, that's all. You tell me, me who's seen thousands of them, that the animals aren't real. All right. Go and ask your folks if they are real

or not. They'll tell you. They don't spend money on fakes. They're going. Would they go if it wasn't real?"

But Pinocchio was not to be taken in again. He had been to a circus once, and that would last him for a lifetime. At least, he thought so.

"A pleasant time to you. I stay home," said he.

"You'll go, all right," and the hired boy waggled his head in the way of one who knows what he knows.

When the great day came Pinocchio's godmother dressed him in his best suit, handed him a little bag full of dimes, and said, "Now, come along and have a good time. You need not go near the animals if you don't want. Go around and see the clowns and things with the children. You'll love the clowns and the trained animals."

Pinocchio thanked her politely and, because there seemed to be no help for it, climbed into the car and took his place on a milking stool at his godmother's feet.

He was a funny sight as he peered out at the

crowd along the road, his sharp knees meeting his chin, his long nose sniffing each sight and sound that came his way.

Everybody was on the road. Motor cars, carriages with two horses, carriages with one horse, farm carts with clumsy-footed horses, people walking, people on horseback, bicycles, motorcycles, all headed one way, toward the circus.

Fun was in the very air. People greeted one another with smiles and old jokes and merry laughter. Pinocchio's spirits rose. Here was a good time. He'd be in it.

After all, why be foolish? One could find one's way about the world without a lantern. All one need do would be to keep one's wits brightened a little. Life was sweet and fun was fun.

In this cheerful mood Pinocchio climbed out of the car. The sight that met his eyes filled him to the toes with delight.

In the middle of a great field stood a huge white tent. It was dressed with gay flags that fluttered in

the breeze and sent out wave after wave of color until it seemed that the world was flooded with rose color.

The four sides of the lot were lined with little tents, gay with flags, each sending out a shout of welcome, a loud invitation to adventure.

A brass band boomed and blared with such force that the earth trembled beneath the marionette's feet, and he tingled from head to heel.

For the first few minutes he heard only the joyful roaring voice of the circus. Little by little his senses cleared and he began to sense some of the words.

"Here's where you get your fresh roasted peanuts. Fresh roasted peanuts, fi' cents a bag. Fi' cents a bag."

"Step this way and see the bearded lady. Greatest wonder of the world. Step this way. Step this way."

"La-dies and gent-le-men. Pay your nickel and see what never was seen before. Jo-Jo the dog-

faced boy. Pay your nick-el. Pay your nick-el. Jo-Jo the dog-faced boy."

"Bosco, Bosco. He eats 'em alive. Eats 'em alive."

"Have your pictures taken. HAVE your pictures taken. Bring the baby. Bring the sweetheart. HAVE your pictures taken. Only ten cents. Only a dime. Only a dime."

"Ice-cream sandwiches. Ice-cream sandwiches. Here's where you get your ice-cream sandwiches."

"Come and try your luck. Have your fortune told. All about your future. Tell you who you are and what you're going to be. All for a nickel. Greatest bargain on the lot. COME, try your luck."

"Lemonade, lemonade. Sweet as honey and as cold as ice. Sweet lemonade."

"Buy your ticket early. Buy your ticket for the big parade. Buy your ticket for the great tent show. Buy your ticket ear-r-r—ly."

In one great chorus, horns blowing, drums beating, dogs barking, lions roaring, children shouting, mothers calling, barkers chanting their wares in

tones of brass and clanging iron, the voice of the circus soared in a triumphant roar.

Into the heart of the din Pinocchio threw his shrill wee voice, the gladdest, maddest of the throng. He was like a straw in a gale. The circus had taken him by storm.

YOU CANNOT BUY WISDOM IF YOU HAVE NONE

FROM tent to tent the crowd pushed Pinocchio along. As it flowed through the narrow streets he rode upon it, his feet scarce touching the earth.

From sight to sight he traveled as one dazed. He thrilled with horror at the snake charmers, gazed with awe at the giants, laughed with delight at the antics of the trained monkeys. At length he reached the tent of the fortune teller.

"You have a great future," said she, bending over his tiny palm as though it held the wealth of the world.

"What is it I see here? Ah. Wonderful. Won-

der-ful. I see you great. I see you crowned. I see you an EMPEROR, rich, powerful, famous. Your sun is rising. Come. Cross my palm with silver and I will tell you how this is all to come about."

Pinocchio looked blankly at her.

"Cross your palm with silver? How is one to do that? There must be something behind this," thought he.

"You have no money?" said the gypsy crossly. "How then can you expect luck? Off with you. May the dogs chase you, the donkeys laugh at you, the crows mock you. May the red rooster peck you. May——"

But Pinocchio waited for no more. Like a startled fish he slipped out.

The cool air felt good on his hot little head.

"Stop this way and see the elephants. Come see the elephants. Greatest animals in captivity. Wiser than men. Stronger than giants. Gentle as doves. Step right in and take a look. Drop a dime and see the elephants dance a jig, walk a tight rope, stand on their heads. Step right in."

Pinocchio stepped right in. Before his delighted eyes stood the elephants, great gentle beasts swaying lightly from side to side as drooping willows float in summer winds.

"Wonder if they are real? Wonder if there's a man inside who's always thirsty and wants a drink? Wonder if one of them will take off his head in a minute and shout at me and chase me out for a bucket of water?" thought the trembling marionette, creeping nearer and nearer the fascinating beasts.

As if in answer to his thought a keeper appeared and led the biggest elephant over to a tub of water and let him drink his fill. Pinocchio stood as close as possible, legs apart, mouth open.

For the time he was a part of the elephant.

As the elephant rocked, Pinocchio rocked with him. As he turned to go back to the stake where he was kept chained, Pinocchio went too, walking backward and gazing up into the creature's face with adoring eyes.

Perhaps this staring annoyed the elephant. Per-

haps he was in circus mood and wanted to play. Perhaps the keeper whispered in his ear. I do not know why he did it, but without warning he lifted his graceful trunk and squirted a flood of water full upon Pinocchio. Down he went like a ninepin.

Immediately the elephant picked him up in his trunk and held him high above his head like a banner.

Pinocchio gave himself up for dead and closed his eyes with a prayer for forgiveness for all his sins.

The keeper spoke a soft word in the elephant's ear, and the great beast seemed to chuckle at a good joke. Gently he lowered the startled Pinocchio until he found himself seated on the gayly embroidered blanket atop the elephant's back.

This was glorious. This was great. It was quite as it should be. Had not the fortune teller said something about his being an emperor? Did not emperors ride upon elephants' backs? To be sure they did.

He straightened his back, lifted his head proudly,

set his chest high, stuck out his legs like a pair of drumsticks, and rode the elephant as though he had been born upon his back.

"Thatta boy, thatta boy," shouted the crowd. "Ride him. Ride him."

The proud Pinocchio, bowing right and left, rode about the ring, triumphantly as an emperor in a picture book.

"All right, my boy. You'll do. Come around this afternoon at one o'clock and we'll give you a uniform all scarlet and gold and let you ride at the head of the parade. Mind you're early. The parade starts on the dot, and you have to get dressed and find your place in the line."

Careless whether he was on head or heel Pinocchio went out of the elephant's tent. He felt thirsty and asked the lemonade man for a drink.

"Big one or little one?"

"Big one."

The man handed Pinocchio a tall glass frosted with silvery mist and full of sweet ice-cold lemonade, a slice of orange riding on the rim.

Pinocchio drained the glass to its last drop of sweetness, ate the bit of orange, peel and all, drew a long breath, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and dried his hand on the seat of his trousers. Then he remembered his manners.

"Thanks," said he.

"You're welcome. And where's the ten cents?"

"Did you wish me to pay for it? Me, the emperor of the circus?"

With the cry of a wounded lion the man reached for a stick that lay on the counter behind him. Pinocchio fled.

He drew up, panting, beside the sandwich counter on the far side of the lot.

A platter of ham sandwiches stood close to his elbow. They were very tempting. He helped himself to a large one with lots of mustard. He made no sign of paying, and the stand keeper thought he belonged to a woman who was munching sandwiches and drinking a cup of coffee.

"Ten cents more, please," said he, holding out his hand.

"For what?" asked the woman sharply.

"For the sandwich your little boy is eating."

The woman took one look at Pinocchio. Then she turned on the man.

"That's no boy of mine, I'd have you know."

"He's with you. Ten cents, please. Don't try to get out of it."

"Try to get out of it? If you call that skinny-legged, long-nosed article a boy of mine again, I'll——"

Pinocchio thought the conversation far too personal and went away in a hurry.

Why did he not pay for what he wanted? I wish I knew the answer. If I knew that I could tell you why a lot of boys do a lot of things. All I know about it is that Pinocchio never thought of the dimes in his little bag, never thought of paying for what he took. He was just living, not thinking. There is no explaining a woodenhead's actions at a circus.

AN EMPEROR MUST DIE STANDING

THE sip of lemonade and the bite of sandwich seemed to whet Pinocchio's appetite. He wandered over to the peanut stand and began eating his way through the pile like a young donkey who had found a bin of oats.

"Hi! You Long-nose over there. This isn't a free lunch. Let's see the color of your money."

"It's white," said Pinocchio in a voice choked by a huge mouthful.

"Let's have ten cents. Pay your way and things'll taste sweeter."

Pinocchio held out his bag of dimes and the man took one.

From stand to stand the hungry marionette zigzagged his carefree way, eating something of everything he saw. He helped himself freely, paying when he had to, and going scot free when he could.

By the time he completed the round of the circus he had eaten cake covered with sweet chocolate, peanuts, hot dogs with sauerkraut, rye bread sandwiches piled high with ham and mustard, potato salad, olives, cheese, cold sweet potatoes, ice water, ice cream, popcorn.

"I feel like lying down," said he, patting his stomach. "I think I will have a little sleep," and he curled up in the shadow of a tent.

The sun was setting when Pinocchio wakened. The place was very still. A trickle of people was passing through the gates, their backs toward the big tent. A dreadful thought smote Pinocchio in the pit of his stomach.

Had they paraded without him, the emperor? Was the circus over? Had he missed it all? He would rise and tell them what he thought of them.

He would make them hold the parade all over again with him in his rightful place at the head.

He rose on one elbow and immediately sank back. Something was wrong with the world. It was spinning around him. The ground rocked and the trees swam in the sky. Plainly things were not right. He shut his eyes to think out what this could mean.

He was lying there still trying to find himself when the keeper of the elephants came along with his big bucket.

"Hullo! Here you are! Where were you this afternoon? What's the matter? You feel sick?"

Pinocchio tried to speak. He turned a sickly green color. Cold sweat stood on his brow. He could not utter a word, not even a whisper. He could not move a hand, not even a little finger.

"Hm-m-m. I'd better take you to the hospital," and the keeper lifted Pinocchio very gently and carried him off to a tent across the way.

"Here's a mighty sick kid, Mary. Guess he's swallowed the circus and finds he can't hold it."

Pinocchio felt himself lifted and laid on a cool soft bed. He tried to open his eyes, but they lay like lead against his aching head. A cool hand stroked his forehead, and a soft voice said, "Poor little thing. Somebody lost him. We'll fix him up all right and send him back to whoever owns him."

"Doesn't seem to belong to anybody. Seems to be off on his own. You know how little fellows do. I did it myself when I was like him."

"Wasn't there anybody to take care of him?"

" 'Twouldn't have been any good if there had been. He'd taken things into his own hands. Some of them will, you know, no matter what you say. They learn by the hardest way."

"I suppose so. Well, we've got to be moving. We'll carry him to the hospital and see what we can do for him there. He is going to be very sick, I'm afraid."

Pinocchio heard something of this talk and gathered from it that there was no hope for him left in

life. Struggling to his feet he drew himself up, full height, and saluted gallantly.

"An emperor must die standing," said he, and fainted away.

A FULL WEDNESDAY MAKES AN EMPTY THURSDAY

WHEN next Pinocchio opened his eyes, he found himself in a little white room in the hospital. He heard the doctor say, "Poor kid. He must have eaten the whole show. Funny how some of them have to learn through their stomachs. Well, give him this glassful. All of it. May as well get it over and done with."

The poor little marionette, too weak to protest, swallowed the whole dose. If ever you have been in his place, if ever you have eaten your day's happiness down to the last crumb and dribble, you need not be told what happened to Pinocchio that night.

Early the next morning he lay upon his bed pale and empty but feeling much lighter. He asked for a drink, and the nurse gave him a cupful of hot water. He drank it to the last drop and went to sleep.

Straight through the day and the night that followed, he slept. It was early in the morning, the birds had just begun to sing, when he lifted his head from the pillow and looked out of the window.

"Fine. I shall have a good breakfast and be out with you in a few minutes, friends," said he. Already his feet were on the road to freedom, you see.

He felt suddenly very empty. "Please, dear nurse, let me have a bite to eat. I am starving."

"Starving, my dear Pinocchio? You do not know the meaning of that word. You are scarcely hungry yet. You feel empty, but that is good for you. First I will bathe you, and then we will see about breakfast."

He was bathed, a little bit at a time. He was rubbed and sprinkled with something cool and

sweet smelling out of a brown bottle. He was rubbed some more and powdered. His teeth were brushed. His hair was brushed. His nails were cleaned. A fresh nightshirt was put on him, he was set in a big chair, and his bed was made. Then he was put back into bed and the clothes drawn tightly under his chin.

With each new attention Pinocchio sighed a deeper sigh. Gladly would he have exchanged any and all of the kindnesses for a thick slice of bread and butter sprinkled with sugar.

At the end of a lifetime the nurse brought a little tray on which sat a bowl and a spoon.

"Here's your breakfast, Pinocchio. You'll feel much better after you have eaten it."

Pinocchio sat upright and reached for the spoon. His face grew as long as his arm.

"What? Oatmeal? I never eat oatmeal. Bring me, I pray you, a loaf of bread, a jug of milk, a few pieces of fruit, an egg or two. I starve. I starve. I cannot eat oatmeal."

"Oh, yes, you can. You cannot have solid food

for a few days, you know. Your stomach is very tired. Eat your gruel and you will feel much better."

"It is true I have been very ill. I have been close to death. Now you refuse me a little food to bring me back to life"; and the tears rolled down the marionette's cheeks.

The nurse took the tray away and seated herself at the little table in the corner and began to roll bandages as though Pinocchio were miles away.

"Are you not going to feed me? Are you going to let me die?" he cried, the tears coming faster and faster.

"No, no, Pinocchio. You will not die. It is wonderful what little boys can do to themselves and live through it. If you obey me, you will be out of here and in school as good as new in a day or two. Try to eat your gruel."

"Will you give me an egg and some bread and——"

"I can give you only what the doctor orders, my boy."

Pinocchio closed his eyes and groaned. He pitied himself. How he pitied himself.

"Poor little me. Poor little Pinocchio. Friendless little Pinocchio alone in a strange land. Starving to death. Nobody cares. What a sad fate. Poor miserable me."

"Good-morning, good-morning," said a loud, hearty voice. "How's the boy?"

"Much better this morning, Doctor."

Pinocchio only groaned. But such a groan. It seemed to come from the depths of the grave.

"He doesn't seem to agree with you, nurse."

"No. He's feeling a little bit sad. He doesn't like oatmeal gruel and so he has had no breakfast."

"Well, well, that's all right," said the doctor, patting the little woodenhead. "He needn't eat today if he doesn't want to. Most of us eat too much, anyway. Feed him the gruel when he's hungry. Keep him on light diet for three days or so, and then, if he does well, let him have a nice broiled lamb chop."

"But I'm starving now," wailed Pinocchio.

"So? And you'd like us to give you a good big dish of spaghetti with tomato sauce and cheese, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," said Pinocchio, smacking his lips greedily.

"You only think you would, my boy. You couldn't eat it. Try eating what we give you and you'll soon be able to eat what you want. Keep to the gruel and milk and such things for the next few days."

"Dreadful, dreadful. I shall surely starve to death," sobbed the marionette, turning his head away and covering his face with his hands.

"It is very hard for a little boy to starve in America," said the doctor, picking up his hat and his little black bag. "You eat oatmeal gruel to-day, and to-morrow, if all goes well, we'll let you have something else—toast and milk, maybe. How's that?"

Pinocchio made no reply.

The doctor looked at him buried in the bedclothes and shook his head.

"Feed him carefully, nurse, and very, very

grad-u-a-l-l-y let him have solid food. Good-bye."

About middle morning Pinocchio opened his eyes and spoke. "I'm very hungry, nurse."

Immediately the nurse left the room and came back with a bowl of steaming gruel. Pinocchio ate it to the last drop, even scraping the dish.

The next day he had strained soup with toasted crackers. On the third day the nurse said, "You can have your lamb chop to-day, and this afternoon you may sit in the sunshine. Then to-morrow we will send you home. Your godmother has been here asking for you."

The little marionette smiled behind his face. "Patience, a little more patience. I must be patient until I get that chop. Then we shall see what we shall see.

"Why go back? Vacation is nearly over. If I go to school I shall have to sit long hours poring over a book. I would rather see more of this land before I settle down to hard labor.

"Of course I shall go to school sometime. But it isn't as if I had to. I have been in school almost

enough now, ever since I saw the face of Liberty. I will look about a little. Somewhere in this land there is a place of freedom. There fame and fortune wait for me. I shall adventure some more."

So saying, he tucked his hand under his cheek and went to sleep.

CHAPTER XXVIII

TRUTH AND A ROSE WEAR THORNS

AS PINOCCHIO slept, he dreamt he wandered into a lovely meadow glowing with flowers and strewn with sweet-smelling thyme. He smiled in content.

"This is my place. Here I rest and do nothing at all. The flowers shall be my bed. Sweet-smelling thyme, my pillow. The birds shall sing to me. The bees shall feed me. The little squirrels, my brothers, shall bring me fruit and nuts. I shall drink cool clear water from the spring that drips below the sweet fern. Here is liberty, and I am happy."

Then the sun went down behind the hills. The birds twittered once, twice, and were still. The

wee folk of the meadow, the soft-footed rabbits, gentle little mice, silk-clad toads, furry chipmunks sat in silence before the doorways of their houses. The flowers closed their cups and tucked their buds well under the leaves.

The stars came out in the deep blue of the sky. The meadow seemed to be waiting for something to happen. Something important. Something solemn. A wave of grave wonderment swept over Pinocchio as he waited and watched with the rest of the listening world.

A white star rose in the western sky. Brighter and brighter it glowed, farther and farther it sent its rays, until they fell directly upon Pinocchio's head. They flooded him with light. He alone stood out in all that crowded meadow. And as he watched the star sent out a long pencil ray that wrote against the dark blue sky this brief account:

PINOCCHIO:

Laziness
Disloyalty
Disobedience

Dishonesty
Ingratitude
Gluttony
Cowardice

Woodenheaded failure. Two and two are four. Imagine.

A murmur of sorrow ran through the meadow. The birds stirred uneasily. The flowers sighed. An old rabbit put his paw to his eyes and a chipmunk scratched his ear.

Poor Pinocchio. He hid his face in the sweet-smelling things of the earth and cried as he had never cried in all his woodenheaded life.

"It is all my fault. I see it clearly. I should have stayed at home with Gepetto. I ought to have gone to school like a real boy. I should have told the truth. I ought never to have touched that candy. Why did I eat like a starving dog when I was not even hungry?

"Now all is over. What is to become of me? My star has deserted me. Is there in all the world

A MURMUR OF SORROW RAN THROUGH THE MEADOW

no help for a poor marionette? No help for a poor little woodenhead like me?"

A soft wet tongue licked Pinocchio's ear. A gentle little tongue that said, "Be comforted, Pinocchio. I'm your friend. Be comforted."

A friendly little paw patted him on the head and coaxed him to look up. A doggy whine of affection entered the little fellow's aching heart. He put out his arms and drew the tiny, furry body close to him and hugged hard.

"Wake up, Pinocchio. Wake up and see who's here," said the nurse.

"I'm awake. I haven't been sleeping," said Pinocchio, coming wide awake.

"The doctor thought you might like a dog to be your very own."

"Yes, I know. He is my very own. He came to me when I was all alone and hadn't a friend in the world. When my star wrote failure against my name and left me. Oh, it was awful. Then he came and comforted me. He is my only friend in all the world."

"You are dreaming yet, Pinocchio."

"It was no dream. I know. Here is my dog to prove it"; and he hugged his dog still closer.

He was a little white dog with a funny fuzzy coat. His eyes were deep brown windows of affection. His nose was a little black dab of shiny leather, and his ears were black sprinkled with tan. There was just one black spot on his whiteness—a spot as black as ink on his right hip. His tail was a plume twisted to a point like the flame of a candle.

Pinocchio loved him and straightway called him "My Patsy."

"Well, if you were not dreaming, what were you crying about?" asked the nurse.

Patsy looked up into Pinocchio's face and waggled his tail as if to say, "Come now, speak right up. Tell the truth and you'll feel much better about it."

Pinocchio made a start. Soon he was pouring out the whole story of his adventures and his troubles. He did not even skip the story of the pork barrel.

"And now what shall I do? My star promised me

fame and fortune, but it has left me forever. I shall never be rich, never be famous, never return to Gepetto and buy him the little house under the olive trees, and the donkey and the cart and the goats. I shall never see him again. I have failure written against my name. Pinocchio can never laugh again."

Here the tears began dripping from the end of his nose, and Patsy faithfully set to licking them off as fast as they fell.

"Well, then, others will laugh at you, that's all. You pity yourself too much. It is very bad for you. It makes you sick and silly. Get up now and stop thinking about yourself. Think of other people for a while. Forget yourself and you'll be surprised how good you'll feel.

"There's always a reason for your troubles. Blame yourself for them. Confess your faults as you have done this time and start again to do better. That's the way all little boys grow. Little girls, too, for that matter.

"Here, get into your clothes now. Wait. I'll put

that button in. You know you can't always be right, Pinocchio. Nobody ever is. Here, better tie that shoelace over again. It will drag and trip you. There, now, you're ready. So is Patsy."

Patsy jumped up and down and pulled Pinocchio's sleeve as if to say, "Hurry up. You're very slow. I see three squirrels already. Hurry up."

CHAPTER XXIX

RIGHT AND LEFT

WHEN the sun was high the nurse started Pinocchio and Patsy toward home.

"Your godmother is waiting for you. Keep on the path until you reach home. Mind you don't leave the path. And no eating between meals."

Pinocchio cheerfully promised to remember. It was not good promises that he lacked. He was very good at promising. His trouble lay in keeping the promise.

For the first half mile all went well. He trotted along as lightfooted as a deer, Patsy close at his heels. He was in sight of the oak tree that marked the turn of the path when he saw a freckled-faced

boy picking choke cherries into a big tin pail. Another already filled to the brim sat close by.

Pinocchio had never seen choke cherries in all his life before. They looked good. The moment he saw them he felt thirsty. His mouth watered. He stopped and watched the boy, who pretended not to see him.

Patsy whined and edged toward the path. Pinocchio stood still and watched the freckled-faced boy pick cherries into the pail.

"Wait a minute, Patsy. There's no hurry. I want to see the view."

Patsy sat down and hung out his tongue.

"Hullo," said Pinocchio at last.

"Oh, hullo. Where did you come from? Must have come a long way if you followed your nose."

Pinocchio wanted the cherries so much that he swallowed the insult and said pleasantly, "I have traveled a long way, as you say. My name is Pinocchio. You must have heard of me? No? Why, I'm the wonderful marionette who swam the sea

to come to visit America—and you. I have had many adventures. Soon I shall return home."

"Don't let me keep you," said the freckled-faced boy. "You have a long way to go."

"Of course, I do not hope to arrive in a day, and, as you say, the journey is long. I have come far to-day, and I am very thirsty. Would you let me have a handful of your cherries?"

"Certainly. All you want. Help yourself."

Charmed with such generosity, Pinocchio dug deep into the tin pail and took a big handful of the bitter cherries. Before you could say "Christopher Columbus," he had popped them into his mouth.

The bitter things nearly choked him. The tiny pits, harder than marbles, rolled over his teeth and around and between them, nearly jarring them out of his head. His mouth was puckered dry as the great salt desert. He coughed and choked and spluttered.

The freckled-faced boy laughed until the tears ran down his face.

"How do you like them? Sweet, aren't they? We have them especially sweet for beggars."

"Who are you calling beggar?" raged Pinocchio. "Don't you dare call me a beggar."

"Beggar, beggar, beggar. There. I called you three beggars. What are you going to do about it? Beggar with a snipe's snout."

With a yell of anger Pinocchio struck out at his enemy, who was so much of the same mind that his fist landed on Pinocchio's nose just as Pinocchio's right hand found a good punching spot on Freckled-face's own sturdy nose.

Then by common consent each reached for a tin pail and swung at the other.

"You will, will you?"

"Yes, I will, will I!"

"Take that."

"Take this."

"Snipe."

"Turkey egg."

Round and round they raced in a rain of cher-

BATTLING FOR THE JOY OF IT

ries, pails clashing, Patsy yelping, two little goblins battling for the pure joy of it.

How long the battle of the pails might have lasted, I cannot tell. It ceased suddenly when a strong clear voice rang over the hillside.

"Mick-e-e-e-e-e. What's keeping you with those cherries? Didn't I tell you to hurry?"

"Quick, that's a good scout. Help pick these cherries. That's my mother calling me, and if I don't go pretty quick she'll come after me."

All thought of battle fled in a rush of good fellowship. Pinocchio helped, and in a few minutes the pails were ready with brimful loads.

"Thanks. See you in school Monday. My name's Mickie."

"Mine's Pinocchio."

"Yes, I know. I was only fooling just now."

"Yes. So was I."

"Yes, but you had a good right——"

"That's very kind of you, but it was not right——"

"Sure it it was your right. Don't I know?"

"It is very kind of you to try to make me feel good, but it really——"

"Don't you know your right from your left? Wasn't it my nose?"

"No, it was my nose. I really can't help——"

"Want to prove it? Listen. I stood here. You stood there. I said to you 'you're a beggar with a snipe's snout,' fooling. You got mad—'n'——"

"Fooling," put in Pinocchio.

"Fooling. You smacked me one on the nose with your right. I——"

"No, no, dear Mickie. It was not my right to do such——"

"What are you talking about, anyway? Don't I know what I'm saying or don't I?" and Mickie's arm went up to meet Pinocchio's guard.

I suppose the battle would have been fought all over again if the voice of command had not rung out once again.

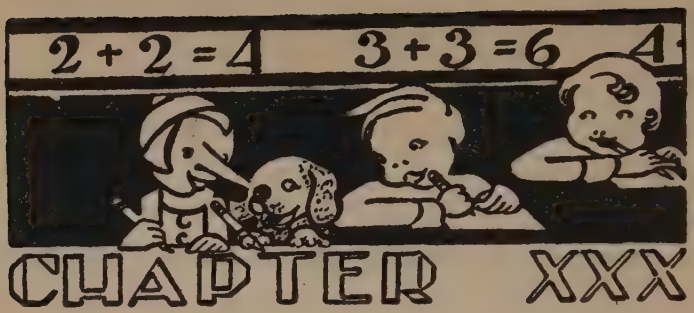
"Mickie-e-e-e. Are you com—ing? How long

are you going to keep me waiting for those cherries?"

"So long, Pin. See you Monday."

Mickie disappeared over the brow of the hill, a full tin pail balanced carefully in either hand.

Pinocchio turned down the path across the meadow with Patsy at his heels. He did not feel lonely any more. He began to whistle and then to run, and he made such good time that he was home for dinner.



CHAPTER XXX

TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN THAN ONE

WHEN the first day of school rolled round, Pinocchio tried to feel sick. He hoped he had a headache. He found he hadn't. He tried to feel miserable in his stomach, but the birds sang so he couldn't hold on to the feeling. He tried to think he had no appetite, but the smell of frying bacon set his nose to wiggling and his mouth to watering. And Patsy insisted upon getting up early. He barked so loudly that he made enough noise to waken four small boys. Pinocchio had to rise.

"Here is your lunch, Pinocchio. I have put in tarts for you and Mickie."

"Yes'm."

"And you ought to take a bouquet to the teacher."

"Yes'm."

"Run along, now. Have you a handkerchief?"

"Yes'm."

"Don't forget to use it."

"Yes'm."

"Study well to-day. Be a good boy and listen to all the teachers say."

"Yes'm," said Pinocchio, as one who does a duty without love.

He had reached the gate when he remembered something. He turned back.

"Did you put in a dog biscuit for Patsy?"

"For Patsy? You're not taking Patsy to school, are you?"

"Of course I am. I can't leave him home. He's a good dog. He's just as smart as anyone. And lots better'n other children, too."

"Well, you see what the teacher says. If she lets him stay, all right. If she sends him home, you bring him right back."

"Yes'm."

A little group of children had already gathered before the door when Pinocchio and Patsy arrived.

"Chase that dog home," said Billy Burly, the meanest boy in town.

"Chase yourself," said Pinocchio fiercely.

"Is that so, Mr. Snooty? You'd better look out or I'll bite a piece off your nose to teach it to stay out of other folk's business. Anyway, I'll break off a piece just to mend the flagpole with"; and he made as if to take hold of Pinocchio's nose.

Pinocchio backed out of reach, and Patsy, quick to seize his chance, caught Billy Burly by the slack of his pants.

The big boy tried to shake the little dog off, but he hung on, Gr-rr-rr-ing and shaking and tugging with all the might of his sturdy jaws. Round and round went the bully, in ever-widening circles, until Patsy swung out behind him and rode joyously in the air.

"Call him off, call him off," begged Billy, pale with fear.

"Call him off, Pin, or the teacher'll make us take him home."

The friendly "us" brought new hope to Pinocchio's heart, and he shouted, "Here, Pat. Here. Good dog. Let him go. He won't hurt us. That's a good dog"; and Patsy sat down at his feet as full of doggy laughter as a dog could be.

"You wait. You just wait. You'll see when the teacher comes. That dog'll go to the pound. You won't feel so funny then. You wait."

"Wait yourself, Billy. You lay off that dog or you know what."

"What do I know? Hey? What do I know?"

"You know what," said Mickie. "You know what."

He must have known, for he moved off muttering, and when the teacher came, he had nothing to say.

"You can let Patsy stay, Pinocchio, if he is a good dog and does not get in the way. I'll let him stay as long as you do your work."

Patsy wagged his tail hard and fast, and

Pinocchio hastened to say, "I'll work as hard as anything. Even arithmetic. He'll be good."

"Please let him stay," begged the other children.

The children trooped into school and took their seats, and Patsy hopped up beside Pinocchio, as well-behaved as any pupil in the room.

CHAPTER XXXI

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY

FOR a time life was smooth and the days went pleasantly for Patsy and Pinocchio. True to his word the little marionette tried hard, and while he did not always get very good marks, he was improving, and that is all anyone can ask of a little woodenhead. When a child is trying hard, he is bound to grow one way or another. The teacher liked the little boy and the good little dog who sat beside him every day. She wished they knew their tables better, but then, by and by, perhaps, by and by.

But for all this peace there was something the matter. Trouble was casting a shadow over the two friends. A dark doubt had fallen on Patsy, because

the tidbits had been taken from the lunch basket, and who was to blame but the dog?

"He never, never," said Pinocchio, choking with anger.

"It must be the dog," said Billy. "Dogs are always hungry."

"So are boys," said Pinocchio hotly. "Patsy doesn't eat a thing in school except his dog biscuit that I bring for him."

"It's the dog," said Billy.

"It isn't. He's always with me."

"Who said he wasn't?"

"If you call me a thief I'll punch you in the jaw," screamed Pinocchio.

"You put the shoe on and it pinched you, didn't it?" grinned Billy.

The children pushed Pinocchio along and watched him enter his own door before they left, but they were very troubled.

If it wasn't the dog, and they hoped it wasn't, who was it? The thing couldn't go on. Lunch baskets must be safe. The teacher shook her head.

"Watch and wait. There is always a way out. Don't blame anybody for anything unless you know."

The teacher was right. One morning, a foggy morning that made most folks sleepy and lazy folk still lazier, Billy was late for school.

"I suppose he slept late," said the teacher. "He'll come along by and by."

Toward middle morning Patsy touched Pinocchio with a gentle paw. He pointed straight at the corridor, the place where the lunch baskets hung. He wiggled his tail, he poked Pinocchio gently, and pointed again.

Pinocchio slipped out of his bench and tiptoed across the floor. With a swift swing he opened the door and as swiftly and quietly closed it behind him.

"Gr-rr-rr-rr!" said Patsy, and leaped high in the air to catch and hold fast the hand Billy was that instant removing from Mickie's lunch basket.

"Take him off, take him off," moaned Billy, always deadly afraid of the little dog's teeth.

"Take him off, and I'll do anything for you."

Patsy held on to the hand, waiting for orders. Not for the world would he bite his prisoner. Neither would he let him go.

"Take him off me. Take him off me. I'll do anything if you'll only take him off me," pleaded Billy.

"Gr-rr-rr-rr!" said Patsy, eyeing him severely and giving his arm a slight shake. "Gr-rr-rr-r!"

For a moment Pinocchio wanted to throw the door wide open and call everybody to see. Then he remembered something. Then he remembered many things.

He remembered how he had eaten what did not belong to him. He remembered the trouble he had given people and how patient they had been about it all. He had been forgiven and helped.

"The children must know that it was not Patsy," said he.

"All right. Only let go and I'll never come back to this school again."

"Let him go, Patsy."

Patsy dropped to the floor, still keeping a warn-

ing eye on the enemy and showing a row of white teeth.

Billy backed toward the street door. "I wasn't coming any more, anyhow," said he.

"Good-bye. Comfortable shoes for your journey," called Pinocchio as the door slammed.

Smiling broadly, Pinocchio followed by Patsy returned to the schoolroom.

"What was that?" asked the teacher.

"Patsy chased the thief that was taking our goodies," said Pinocchio.

"Well, well. Patsy? Hm."

"Yes'm."

Was Pinocchio mistaken or was that a star glow that shone on the wall? Did he really hear, or did he imagine it, a throaty chuckle from behind that pile of old maps in the corner?

Why was his heart so high and his step so light? What was behind it all?

THE SUN NEVER SETS WITHOUT FRESH NEWS

SCHOOL was a busy place these days. Pinocchio had no time to play. The teacher gave out lessons and more lessons, and all the children were talking about being promoted. Pinocchio wanted to be promoted too. He talked to Mickie about it.

"Sure, I'm going to be promoted," said Mickie. "I'm trying to skip."

"Trying to skip? Can't you skip?"

"I'm not so sure. I'm going to try."

"I can skip."

"Why don't you, then?"

"Why should I? But just to show you how easy

it is for me—look," and Pinocchio went hipp-ity hipp-ity down the walk.

Mickie shouted with laughter.

"I don't mean skip with your feet. I mean skip with your head."

Pinocchio rubbed his head with loving fingers.

"What good? It cannot be much fun, and it would be hard on the head."

"No, no. What I mean is that you have to study hard and do two classes in one term, and then you can jump a class. That's where the skip comes in."

"Oh. Maybe I could do that too."

"Maybe you could if you tried. Ask the teacher."

"It would be a very good thing if you did, Pinocchio. Study hard and we'll see. If the superintendent thinks you do good work he'll let you skip."

So Pinocchio studied hard. He had heard that very bright boys skipped. He would be a very bright boy and skip too. I wonder why he had changed and if he would change again.

Then one day it rained and drizzled, and the

gray clouds hung close to the earth. It was cold, as well, and many children stayed home from school.

"Well, never mind," said the teacher. "We'll make this a cleaning-up day. Clean your desks. Cover your books. Sharpen the pencils. Dust the things in the cabinets. Finish your scrapbooks. We'll get ready for the superintendent. He'll come any day now."

Soon the classroom looked like a busy factory. Such cleaning, such tidying up, such cutting of paper and trimming of edges, such pasting and mending never was seen.

Pinocchio's group was making scrapbooks. In the middle of the job the paste ran out. The bottom of the bottle was scraped bare. The pasters stood with outstretched, sticky fingers, begging for help.

"Too bad," said the teacher. "There isn't another drop. I'll tell you what we'll do. Pinocchio, you can run the fastest. You go down to the grocery on the corner and get us a pound of flour. I'll make flour paste. Haste, now."

Pinocchio set off with the speed of the wind. He

WITH OUTSTRETCHED, STICKY FINGERS

bought the pound of flour and started back. But he slowed up before the candy-shop window, wondering if the big chocolate turkey was still there. He had his eye on that big chocolate turkey. Not that he hoped to get it, but it was satisfying to his hungry eyes, so big and round and fat it was. He sighed. He stood before it fascinated. He licked his lips. How rich must a person be to buy a turkey like that?

An umbrella passing by caught Pinocchio under the nose and spun him about. Suddenly he felt like a fish done up in warm, wet flannel. The rain, the sort that comes in drifts and sprays and gentle seepings, had wet him through to the skin. He remembered with a shock that he was in a hurry and darted off toward school—a-flying.

He stormed through the visitor's door and clattered up the broad stairway, his wooden shoes making as much noise as a charge of cavalry.

"Boy, boy!" thundered the voice of Authority.

Pinocchio's heart leaped to his throat. Fear lent him speed. On he clattered.

"Boy! That boy there! Stop!"

Pinocchio, within a step of the top, stopped and peered over the rail. Down in the darkness of the stairwell he saw two great spectacles set in a brown beard gazing up at him. He leaned farther and peered closer, drawn by the glare of the great glassy eyes.

Poor little marionette. He had completely forgotten about the paper bag tucked so snugly under his arm. The rain had damped it well, and now, as Pinocchio pressed against it, the paper parted with an explosion like a popgun, and down went that pound of flour full into the upturned face of the superintendent.

"Pinocchio, what have you done? My goodness, it is the superintendent. Quick," and the teacher who had come to see what was happening pushed the bewildered puppet ahead of her and reached for the buttons that rang the bells.

"Bang, bang, bang," went the rapid dismissal gong. "Quick, my children. Quick," and the school marched out, bag and baggage, in rapid fire drill.

THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

PINOCCHIO had waited only long enough to hear the teacher say, "It is the superintendent." As though for his life, he raced down the hall and out of the building. You may know how fast he ran when I tell you that he had no time to remember Patsy sitting faithfully in the deserted schoolroom.

He did not stop running until he was well down the road. He had but one thought, to get away from the place of his disgrace. He sank down under a big elm by the wayside and gave way to his grief.

He had spoiled his chance of being promoted. How sad his godmother would be.

He had cost his classmates their promotions too. The superintendent would be very angry and never, never come back. Unless he came back to get the bad boy who spilled flour all over him and put the little rascal into jail. Dear, dear!

He had hurt the teacher too. How pale she had been as she rang the big bell. He sobbed aloud.

"I must keep on running away. I will run and run and never come back. I'll swim round the world and never stop."

A fresh little breeze sprang up and fanned his hot face. It kept growing stronger and blowing harder until it was a strong wind that made him turn his face up the road, toward school, once more.

"No. No. I can never go back."

The wind blew harder. It lifted its voice and howled so loud Pinocchio thought the whole world must hear and yet Farmer Fuzzy riding by on a load of hay didn't seem to notice it.

"Go back, go back. You're running away again. Go back. Face about. Go back."

Weary of fighting the wind Pinocchio sat down

on a stone under the old elm tree. He dropped his head in his hands and wept. All of a sudden he got such a peck in the neck that he shouted out loud and jumped to his feet.

There on the old stone wall, wings outspread, red eyes rolling, long neck stretched and swallowing madly, sat the Watchful Rooster.

"Kr-rr-ick. Back. Go back. Kr-rr-ick. Go back."

"Dear me," said Pinocchio, rising and drying his eyes. "He will never let me alone. Maybe I can get away from him"; and he took to his heels down the road.

But the wind blew in his face and howled, "Turn back."

The Watchful Rooster pecked his legs and croaked, "Turn back."

Out of nowhere at all came the voice of the fairy, "Turn back, Pinocchio. Turn back."

Just what Pinocchio might have done right then I do not know, for there flashed upon his mind the picture of Patsy sitting patiently waiting for his

master in the last bench in the last row of the schoolroom. Like a whirlwind he turned.

Now the wind got behind him and pushed. The red rooster crowed and most obligingly lent his wings to the speeding marionette. In less time than it takes to tell you of it he was poking his nose into the schoolroom door and beckoning to Patsy to come out.

Patsy gave a joyful yelp. He jumped up and down and covered Pinocchio's face and hands with glad kisses.

"Oh, there you are," said Mickie, from under the folds of a big apron. "It's a wonder you wouldn't help with the cleaning up. Here, wash out this bowl and put something pretty in it. Quick, before they get back. This room has to be shining for the company this afternoon."

Pinocchio took the bowl gladly. Out at the well he washed it until it sparkled like a jewel.

"Now what can I put in it? I wish I could find the most beautiful thing in the world and put it in the bowl for the teacher."

A LITTLE RAINBOW WAS BORN

Not a flower. Not a leaf was in sight. Sadly enough Pinocchio filled the glass bowl with clear water.

"If only my fairy would help me now," said he.

Just then the wind that had been fussing about all morning gave an extra loud puff, such a strong puff that it tore a hole in the gray sky and let a ray of sunshine through the blue. It smiled down into the bowl of water, and a little rainbow was born.

Tenderly, proudly, Pinocchio carried his treasure to the waiting children. It would give the last touch to the shining room.

"Look, look what I got for us. A baby rainbow."

He set the bowl on the windowsill, and the wee rainbow, grown bigger and stronger now that it was a minute older, sprang out of the bowl and spanned the room with its arch of glorious color.

The delighted children had no words for such beauty. Softly they left the room and closed the door. All sign of trouble, all thought of weariness had left them.

WHAT COMES OF HAVING A RAINBOW

THE class that looked into the eyes of the superintendent that afternoon might have been a bit shy, a bit stiff in their manners, but they were lovely as they sat under the rainbow.

The old superintendent's heart warmed to them. He took off his glasses and polished them.

"These children are so very bright they hurt my eyes," said he.

The teacher smiled, and the children all sat up very straight and very solemn. All but Patsy. Patsy, the always polite, always silent Patsy, put his right paw up to his face and sneezed. Yes, he did. One

loud sneeze. And smiled so you could see the last tooth in his head.

Everybody laughed except Pinocchio. He got very red and pulled Patsy's head under his arm and looked at the teacher as if to say, "He couldn't help it. It was too funny."

The class read their best stories from the reader. They did all the examples in the book, even the "Man Hads," and got them right too. They remembered how to spell "which" without a single mistake, and got the right number of pecks in a bushel. That was a hard one for Pinocchio, but he spread out his fingers and got it right that way.

"Let's have a little geography," said the superintendent.

The globe was brought out, Mickie took down the long pointer and unrolled the map of the world. Everybody had a chance and knew everything exactly right.

"Pinocchio, tell us about Africa," said the teacher.

When he heard his name called Pinocchio felt a

lump rise into his throat. His knees shook and his legs rattled like a pair of frightened drumsticks.

But the Watchful Rooster gave him a peck. The wind whispered courage in his ear. The rainbow promised strength and bade him try. Patsy licked his hand. Before you could wink away your surprise Pinocchio was on his feet and telling all there was to tell about Africa.

"You must know, Excellency, that Africa is a very big place and far away. To get to it one must swim day and night for two weeks, and maybe never reach it at all, for there are sharks and whales, and jellyfish are most troublesome to the hair.

"It is very warm in Africa, and the animals are large and fierce. But, then, some are very gentle like the ostrich, which, if you let him alone and don't bother him, he will not see you, but if he sees you he may kick you or he may not.

"And there are many good things to eat in Africa such as dates and figs and pineapples and oranges and bananas and pears and grapes and

onions and spaghetti. No—not spaghetti. For that it is better to go to Italy.

"But in Africa you have to be very careful, and if a man asks you do you want to go to the circus say No, or he might put you in a cage with the lions and tigers, which are very fierce. The monkeys are not. They will eat coconuts, but the lions will eat you. It is better not to go into a cage with them.

"In Africa there are many rivers, which are like the sea for wideness, and they are very nice for swimming if you remember the alligators in time. Perhaps you do not care to swim? No?

"Then you would enjoy better the dry sea of Africa. It is just like the wet sea, only it is dry, and its waves are made of sand instead of water, and its ships have four legs. You can get quite sick on a desert ship, which is called a camel and rocks three ways at once.

"That is all I know about Africa to-day. It is a long time since I traveled there, and I left it in a hurry."

"A very fine story, Pinocchio. I hope some day

to visit Africa and have half as much fun as you've had.

"And," said he, turning to the teacher, "I think these children have learned so much that they should all be promoted three times and have a long holiday."

"Three cheers," shouted Mickie. "That's what comes of having a rainbow."

IF YOU WANT A THRONE YOU MUST WATCH YOUR STEP

I WISH I could tell you that from there on Pinocchio was a good boy, unselfish and obedient. But that would not be the truth. It takes a long time for a little marionette to turn into a boy. You think he is started on the right road, and off he goes. Then where are you?

One pleasant Saturday morning the children set off for a holiday in the woods at the foot of the old pasture. The girls wanted to gather wild flowers, and the boys wanted to catch some of those little black turtles that wear gold buttons down their backs. Turtles and frogs lived happily in the brown

and gold pool just across the stile and it was great fun trying to catch them.

Pinocchio had a sharp eye on the lunch basket. There were chicken and cold ham, pickles, chocolate cake, bread and butter, milk in cooling bottles, oranges, and a package of gum drops. Pinocchio loved gum drops. He stayed close to Mickie, who carried the basket.

The party came to the meadow that lay between them and the woods.

"Let's race to the throne tree," said Betty, leader in all the sports. "Whoever reaches the throne tree first shall be king—or queen—and all the others must do whatever she says."

You can see Betty expected to be queen.

Now Pinocchio itched to sit upon a throne and feel a crown upon his head. And he knew that throne tree well. It was a majestic tree that stood in the middle of the brown and gold pool where the marsh marigolds bloomed and the frogs and turtles sported.

Its roots formed a great chair, and they were

covered with a velvet-green moss embroidered with white violets and wild lily of the valley that sent out a fragrance like the very breath of fairyland. High overhead arched the great boughs of the tree, throwing a green tracery against the blue sky so that the royal ruler would sit under a canopy of green and blue shot through with broken sunbeams, a canopy of heavenly beauty.

Pinocchio longed to sit on that throne, to know himself king, to sniff the fragrance that rose about him, to feel the soft green moss sink under his kingly tread, to see his royal face reflected in the water at the base of his chair. With all his heart, with all the force of his wooden head, Pinocchio wanted to be king.

His sharp eye spied a short cut. Down the slope, across a low place and over the old wall, and there it was. He would let the other children follow the path and take the high stile. For him, the short cut and the throne.

"One, two, and—away," shouted Betty.

Pinocchio, all alone, headed down the slope. One

moment he was a gallant runner struggling for a kingly crown. The next he had vanished off the face of the earth as if he had never been.

You must know that this old meadow had once been a cow pasture, and that the farmer had sunk a tub in the stream to give the cows a drinking pool. Long ago the tub had filled with black slime. Long ago the sedge grasses had grown slender strands that floated over the place and completely hid it. Into this old tub Pinocchio dropped like a sinking stone.

With a last clutch he caught the rim and held on. He cried for help, but his voice was smothered by the grass and the running water.

"I'm dead. Help! Help!"

Patsy dashed bravely to the rescue. Just as Pinocchio's chin was sinking below the muddy water, he caught him by the nose and held on hard, bracing his feet against the tufted grass. He whined as loudly as he could through closed jaws, and Pinocchio shouted "Help!" as well as he could with a dog firmly tied to his nose. But the sounds scarcely

traveled ten feet. Things looked dark, but help was coming.

Betty reached the throne tree first, and the boys and girls bowed low at her feet, kissed her royal hand, and promised obedience for the day.

"But where is Pinocchio? And Patsy?"

Silence fell upon the little group. Fear touched their hearts. Where? How? What? How could Pinocchio and Patsy be lost?

"I saw them racing down the meadow by the low place in the wall," said Betty. "Quick. Search for them."

The loyal subjects spread out over the meadow calling. Mickie reached the bend in the wall first, and heard a smothered call close by his feet.

"Help! Help! Am I to drown like an eel in the mud? Help!"

Mickie took hold of Pinocchio's head, somebody else took hold of Mickie, and with a long tug and a strong tug they drew him up to solid ground. He was a sorry sight. And a sorry smell floated from his overcoat of slime.

"Scrape him off," commanded the queen.

With sticks and branches the children did their best, but Pinocchio was little improved. Slime spreads and sticks like paint.

"You'll have to go home and get a bath and clean clothes," said the queen. "Want anybody to go with you?"

"No. I can go by myself," said Pinocchio in a huff. With Patsy sniffing at his heels, he turned for home.

THE CHILDREN DID THEIR BEST

MAKE PEACE WITH MEN—QUARREL WITH YOUR SINS

IT WAS cleaning day at the farm. With so much scrubbing and polishing and baking and going to and fro, nobody had any time for the very dirty little boy who pushed a long nose past the side of the kitchen door.

"Mercy! Don't come in here. Goodness! However did you get so dirty? If you'd stayed with the others you wouldn't have got into such a mess. If you'd ever stay where you belong . . . Go out to the shed and scrape yourself off. Get into the tub and scrub."

Pinocchio scraped and washed as well as he

could. His godmother came with a wash rag and a bit of brown soap to finish up the hard places.

"There, now. Put on this old suit. It's all you have. The others are either waiting to be mended or in the wash."

"I can't wear that. It's too small for me," wailed Pinocchio, holding up last year's suit, plainly too small for his present-day size.

"Oh, it will do. You won't be going any place that matters."

When he had put in the last button of the skimpy jacket, Pinocchio gazed at himself in the glass, and he thought for a moment that he was a scarecrow again.

His pants were tight where they should have been loose and short where they ought to have been long. His legs and arms dangled from under the short sleeves and trouser legs much as the legs of a dead chicken hang over the edge of a market basket. There was just about that much life left in Pinocchio when he saw his latest picture in the looking glass.

"Never mind how you look," said his godmother briskly. "You're clean. That's enough. Nobody'll notice what you have on if you are doing what is right. A clear conscience is better than style."

"I don't care if it is," stormed Pinocchio. "I'm not going out looking like this."

"Just carry this basket of eggs down to old Nella, and on your way back stop in at the tinker's and bring home the copper kettle I left to be mended. Hurry along, now. Don't be such a baby. It's time you grew up."

Grumbling under his breath, Pinocchio took the basket and with slow feet started across the fields to old Nella's house. Patsy came trotting along, his tongue hanging out, and a broad smile opening his whole cheerful little face. Pinocchio thought he was laughing at him.

"Go back. You go back. You hear? I don't want you. Go back."

Patsy stopped smiling and sat down on the brow of the hill that hid the cottage where Nella lived.

"And you needn't follow me when I'm not looking, either. I'm watching you," said Pinocchio grimly.

Patsy wagged his tail.

"I'll cut across the turnip field. Nobody'll see me then. I don't care if I do step on the turnips. 'Twon't hurt the old things," and he took down the bars.

"I'm not going to put up the old bars again, either. I don't care if the blue cow does get in. They aren't my turnips. Nor it isn't my cow. Nobody cares what happens to me, so I don't care what happens to them. No, I don't. I don't care for anybody."

An old crow sitting on the gatepost croaked and changed from one foot to the other.

"You left the bars down," said she.

"What of it? Put them up yourself if you don't like it. They aren't my turnips."

The old crow said nothing but dropped a stone into the field. Suddenly Pinocchio felt a weight like a stone in his heart. He put his hand over it but

everything felt as it always had felt before, except for the weight.

He went scuffing along, sending up little puffs of dust at each step. At last, in very bad humor, he reached the door of old Nella's cottage. He set the basket down on the doorstep and knocked. There was no answer. He knocked harder. No answer. He listened, his ear close to the crack of the door. Not a sound.

"She isn't home. Well, I'm not going to carry the basket back again. I'll just leave it on her table and go home."

He opened the door and went into the kitchen. He set down the basket, and as he did so his eyes fell upon a pie setting on the windowsill.

It was a beautiful pie about four inches thick, with a golden filling and a roof of creamy brown all sprinkled over with amber-colored jewels of honey sweetness.

Pinocchio's mouth watered at the sight. He remembered the lunch in the picnic basket and felt cheated. By this time the others were eating cold

chicken and drinking lemonade and enjoying themselves mightily. Well, it would be perfectly fair if he ate a teeny, teeny piece of the pie.

He pinched off a bit of the crusty edge and put it in his mouth. M-m-m, it was good! He broke off another piece and ate it. Delicious! Another bit would do no harm. He broke off a second piece and ate that. Wonderful!

He had made a ragged edge on the pie. He would just eat enough to make a neat edge. He took off a little more than he intended, so there was a big piece missing. Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and he finished the pie to the last crumb.

As he went down the path to the gate, an old owl sat blinking on the gatepost.

"Thou shalt not steal," said he in tones as clear as ever Father Dominic uttered.

Pinocchio stood still in his tracks. A weight like lead lay in his stomach. Fear and pain made him angry.

"Who stole anything? What about the six field mice you ate last night?"

The owl made no reply save to drop a stone in the path, and Pinocchio felt the way grow steep and his feet grow stiff. He pressed both hands on his stomach and made the best of his difficult way to the tinker's shop to get the copper kettle.

CONFESSION IS GOOD FOR THE SOUL

THE farther along the road Pinocchio trudged, the worse he felt.

"I'm so tired I can scarcely lift my feet. How heavy my legs are! What a weight inside me! Dear, dear, what is this?"

He had reached the door of the tinker's shop, and as he stretched out his hand to push the latch his nose struck the panels with a sharp bump. Fear made him cry out, and he put his hand to the end of his nose. It was as he feared. It had begun to lengthen. Sure enough. There was lead in his feet; lead in his stomach; lead where his heart ought to be.

Seeing the copper kettle close to his hand, he

snatched it up and turned away with it before the tinker could see him. With the tears rolling down his cheeks he started once more to trudge toward home. At the old elm tree his courage gave out, and he seated himself by the roadside and prayed for the earth to open and swallow him.

But it is not the business of the earth to rise and swallow people who have done foolish things. The earth rolls right along and minds its own business.

After a time Pinocchio swallowed his sobs and dried his tears and sat up to think what he should do next. Immediately a little puff of wind blew hard against his face as if to send him in the direction of old Nella's house.

"No, no. I can't go back there. I ate all the pie. To be sure, it was only a little pie."

A sound from the old kettle made him turn his head sharply and stare hard at it. Imagine. There in the polished face of the kettle shone the Watchful Rooster, swallowing madly and Krr-icking like a regiment of drums. His eyes were rolling wildly,

his wings were flapping like sails in a gale. His beak was wide open and threatening.

"Back," he croaked hoarsely. "Back, and confess vour ill-doing."

"Oh, I can't go back," wailed Pinocchio.

"Back. Back, and ask forgiveness."

Pinocchio groaned and rose to his feet. He knew by now that there was no use trying to get away from his mistakes. Somewhere along the way they were sure to rise up to face him.

"I'll go back. She can but beat me with the broom. And what is that? She is old and can't hurt much. I must be patient and suffer what I brought upon myself.

"If I don't go, this terrible creature with the beak like a sword will give me no rest. One may as well suffer one way as another. After all, it was but a very little pie and——"

"Kr-rr-rr-ick-k-k-k," screeched the Watchful Rooster, as if choking upon something impossible to swallow. "Krr-rr-rrick-k-k-k."

"I'm going, I'm going," said Pinocchio, hastily

snatching up the kettle and starting down the road.

"Dear me, I didn't know this road was so steep. It is hard climbing for such legs as mine. Can it be I have lost my way?

"No. There is the thorn tree that grows by the gate. And there is the very same owl that was sitting on the gatepost. I hope he doesn't see me.

"Maybe old Nella is not home yet. Well, I can't help it if she isn't. I've done my part. It will be just as well if she isn't in."

At these words his feet became like blocks of wood with weights of lead, and he nearly fell over them. He made such a noise against the door that old Nella called out, "Who's there? Not the thief that stole my pie, I hope."

"She is at home," he whispered miserably. "Courage, Pinocchio. She can but beat you flat with the broom. Courage. You will need it all now. Remember she is the old woman whose beautiful pie you ate to the last crumb. March in and take your punishment."

Lifting his head with a courage he scarcely knew,

Pinocchio entered the cottage. All at once his heart felt lighter and ease came into his aching feet. He looked up at old Nella with pleading eyes.

"Oh, is it you? The nice little boy who brought me the eggs? Come in, come in. I'm so sorry. Do you know I had made the loveliest pie for you, but when I was out some rascal came in and ate it to the very last crumb."

Imagine.

Pinocchio swallowed something dry in his throat.

"Such a beautiful pie it was. Six eggs. And eggs that dear. If it weren't for your dear godmother and your kind self whatever would I do? I don't know. I lost my last hen a year ago. Dear, dear!"

Pinocchio swallowed fast and spoke quickly.

"I'm sorry, Nella. But it was such a nice pie, and I only meant to take a little piece——"

" 'Twas you, then? Dear, dear! Well, say no more about it. 'Twas a very good pie. And did you eat it all?"

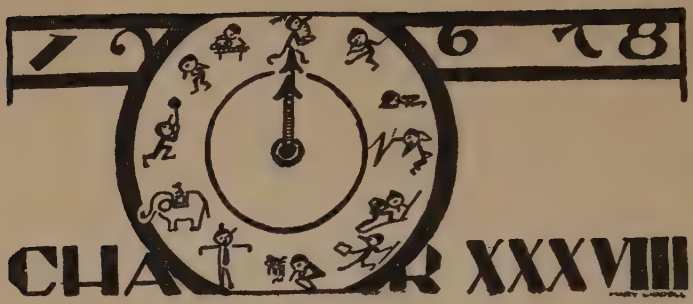
Pinocchio nodded.

"Dear, dear! Imagine. Six eggs. Well, say no more

about it. Had you waited but a moment you might have had it without sin. Ah, well. We all make mistakes. Say no more about it. Thank your godmother for the eggs. It's wonderful what a boy your size can hold. Six eggs. Well!"

Pinocchio fled down the path with a lighter heart and a much lighter pair of feet than he had carried up a few moments back. As he passed, the old owl stretched out a claw and turned two open eyes upon him and drawled, "A fault confessed is a fault wiped out."

"Thank you, sir," said Pinocchio respectfully and went on his way.



CHAPTER XXXVIII

MEMORY IS LIFE'S CLOCK

DOWN the road, the copper kettle banging against his heels, Pinocchio raced joyously. Then he remembered the bars to the turnip field. Suppose the blue cow had gone in there and tramped them down and eaten herself sick? He raced up the slope for dear life. What he saw made him drop the old kettle, pick up a big stick, and race on faster than ever.

Standing guard before the open gate stood Patsy, Patsy so mud-spattered, so weary, you would scarcely have known him. Charging down upon him was the old blue cow. Head down, tail twisted high, she came thundering toward the gate barred by the little dog. As she neared him, he jumped for

her nose, and she veered off, trotted away a short distance, and lowered her head for another try. Valiantly Patsy took his stand before the gate to meet her.

"Shoo, you blue wolf, you thief-in-the-night, you rascal robber, you——"

But the blue cow was off without waiting to hear all Pinocchio thought of her.

Patsy staggered to his little master's feet and stretched out his tired aching body on the battered grass. Pinocchio went down on the ground beside him.

"Oh, Patsy dear, Patsy dear. I never meant to leave you like that. I never meant to leave you to hold back the old blue cow. Patsy, forgive me. I'll never leave you behind again. I'll never forget the trouble I gave you."

Patsy snuffled Pinocchio's hands and lalloped his face gayly. He licked off the big tears as fast as they fell, and soon he was hopping about, barking joyously, ready for home and a good supper.

But Pinocchio was very sad. He gathered his

little dog up in his arms and made his way slowly up the hill behind the barn. It was a pretty hill, shaded with pine trees. From the top you could see clear round the world. Pinocchio went straight to the top. Somehow he felt that he must, just this minute, see round the world.

He sat there a long time, Patsy asleep in his lap, looking far, far away. Queer things had been happening to him all day. Things he could not explain even to himself. He only knew just that. Queer things had been happening to him. He would sit here and think about them. And look all round the world.

Pinocchio dropped his chin on his hands and gazed into a little doorway that opened in the trunk of an old pine tree. He could see far, far down a long hallway, a hallway that stretched out for years and years.

And all along the hallway, one exactly behind the other, each with his hands on the shoulder of the one in front, was a row of himself. Imagine. A row of Pinocchios each exactly like the other

save that each was a hair's breadth bigger as they came toward him, and a hair's breadth smaller as they went from him. Each was forever a part of him. Each marched steadily forward and each marched steadily back. To Pinocchio they seemed to be flashing by with terrific speed and all the while standing still.

Smiles sad and glad flitted across his face as he watched the procession of the shadow children he knew so well. He almost cried at the sight of the littlest one far down the shadowy line. He was so little and so faded that he would scarcely have known him at all had it not been for his very sharp nose and the one blue rose that was left of the first paper dress Gepetto had made him.

He chuckled aloud at the sight of a scarecrow flapping and kicking the crows out of a cornfield. A Watchful Rooster perched on the shoulder of another cast a shadow over his face. He smiled again at the sight of a tousled little chap carrying a bowl of water in both hands, a scrap of rainbow showing from one corner of a torn pocket.

Most delightful of all, each child in the procession held a tiny little creature by the hand. Strange little creatures they were, and strangely lovely, and Pinocchio knew them at once as his most precious dreams.

There was one riding on an elephant with a crown upon his head. There was one prancing past with a large gold medal pinned upon his breast. Pinocchio could read the words upon it: "For Swimming." And there was one dream, a gracious and lovely one, that came again and again. It was a tiny pink house on the side of a hill set about with olive trees. There were a goat and a donkey grazing under the trees, and a dear old man watching them from the doorway of the little house.

Sometimes the house was in a different place but that was only natural. Sometimes it was white instead of pink. There were days when Pinocchio liked white better than pink, but he usually came back to pink.

Sometimes there was a horse in the dream instead of a donkey but in the end Pinocchio held to the

donkey. A donkey's nose is very much softer than a horse's nose. So velvety velvet.

Now and then two goats appeared instead of one. One was black and tan and one was gray and white. There was always a gay cart for Gepetto.

This dream grew brighter and brighter, and Pinocchio, watching it, grew happier and happier. And just then the Watchful Rooster leaned far over Pinocchio's shoulder and slammed the door shut. But not before Pinocchio had slipped his foot in the crack.

"Kr-krr-ick-kk-k-k, this will never do."

"It would never do if I were never to see the blue rose again," said Pinocchio.

"Come now, come now. This has been a long day. Sharp's the word and quick's the action"; and the old Rooster hustled the little boy and his dog down the hill toward home and supper.

CHAPTER XXXIX

QUESTIONS AND NO ANSWERS

FROM that day on Pinocchio was different. Not any better, perhaps, but different. For one thing, he was very quiet. For another, he was not so hungry. Worst of all, to his godmother's way of thinking, he was far, far too polite.

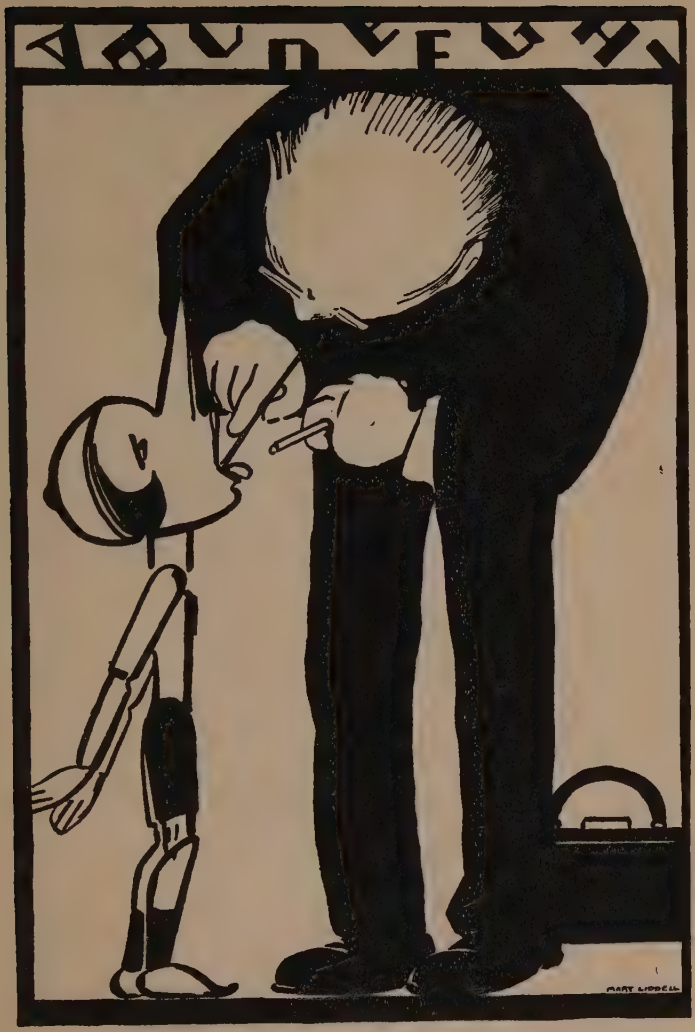
"Doctor, I wish you would look the child over. He isn't feeling right, I am sure."

"Where does it hurt you?" asked the doctor.

"E-e-everywhere," stammered he.

To his own astonishment, two big tears came loose and rolled down either side of his nose.

The doctor frowned, felt the pulse, listened to the heart, and poked the unhappy stomach of the sufferer.



"A BAD SIGN. WHEN A BOY'S TOO POLITE—"

"Nothing wrong there," he muttered.

Then he strapped a headlight on his forehead and paddled about Pinocchio's throat with a nice new little oar.

"Nothing wrong here. He's perfectly all right. What did you think was wrong with him, Godmother?"

"He's so polite, Doctor."

"Hm-m. A bad sign. When a boy's too polite—m-m-n—very bad sign that."

"And he doesn't want to eat."

"Ah, that's very serious. When a boy is polite and doesn't want to eat—ah—h—something *very* serious is the matter."

"But what *is* it, Doctor?"

"That's just it. What *is* it? These are symptoms."

"Dear, dear! Of what, Doctor?"

"Of what ails him, of course. Find *that* out and you cure him"; and the doctor leaned back in his chair.

"How can I find out?"

"Mostly you can't."

"Can't he tell me?"

"If he could he wouldn't be a boy."

"Why doesn't he say what is the matter with him?"

"Because he doesn't know himself. They never do." And the doctor smiled happily, rose to his feet, and picked up his little black bag.

"When you find out anything, send for me. I'll keep an eye on him myself and let you know if I find out anything. Let's wish ourselves good luck"; and away he went humming a little song under his breath. It hadn't much meaning, but it seemed to please him greatly, for he sang it over and over.

"From Wimpledon to Wappleton is fourteen mile,
From Wappleton to Wimpledon is fourteen mile."

CHAPTER XL

GET AN IDEA AND YOU GROW UP

ABOUT this time Pinocchio formed the habit of sitting on the ridgepole of the woodshed. He was up there looking something like a cricket astride the earth when the doctor drove up one afternoon.

The car complained loudly about stopping, but Pinocchio, looking across the universe, heard no sound.

"Strange," thought the doctor. "That noise ought to waken the deaf and the dead."

He trumpeted through his hands: "Pinocchio-o! Hullo-o, Pinocchio-o! Want to come for a ride?"

Lightly as a curled leaf Pinocchio scudded down

the sloping roof. He hopped into the seat beside the doctor.

"To Naples," said he firmly.

"To Naples? This isn't that kind of a boat."

"Well, you said——"

"Of course, but one cannot always tell what meaning another puts into his words. I meant anywhere you wanted to go that I could take you."

"Huh! Anybody could do that. I thought doctors could do anything they wanted to do."

"In reason. In reason. What do you want to go to Naples for?"

"That's my home. Where Gepetto lives."

"I thought you ran away from there?"

"I didn't. I ran away from school."

"Two and the same thing."

"You sound like the Watchful Rooster. He keeps saying, 'Two and two,' and 'Look behind it.' You know what I'd like to do? I'd like to get big enough to go home and buy a little house and a goat and a garden and fig trees and olive trees for

Gepetto. I could live with him and feed the goat. I could work hard and take care of Gepetto."

"But you ran away——"

"I tell you I didn't run away from Gepetto. I ran away from school. I thought that America was a land where you did what you liked and if you didn't like it, you didn't do it. But it is worse than home for going to school. Do you have to go to school forever and ever? I don't want to go to school."

"What do you want to do?"

"I want to go home and play in the puppet shows and make a lot of money and buy Gepetto a pink house and buy him——"

"That's fine, but haven't you got to go to school to learn the trade? How are you going to be a puppet if you don't learn? It isn't so easy, this being a puppet."

"Were you ever one?"

"Oh, dear me, yes. Often."

"You don't look a bit like one. What is your part? What do you play?"

"I play everything. I'm the clown and the king and all between."

"Me too," said Pinocchio happily. "I wish I was playing right now in the park in Naples."

The doctor stopped before the house, and the awful screeches of his old car brought Godfather and Godmother to the door. "Come right in, Doctor," said they.

"Thump, thump!" The doctor went heavily up the steps. Pinocchio followed drearily behind him, his long arms hanging like loose ends and his head wobbling as though it were a balloon on a string.

The doctor smiled. Although he was getting older and heavier, the fairy inside him was getting brighter and brighter every day which gave his face a very sunshiny light, especially when he smiled.

Pinocchio was growing sadder and sadder. He sat down on the top step to think about Naples and Gepetto and the pink house under the olive trees.

"I have news for you, Godmother," said the doc-

tor, pushing the cat out of the best chair and taking it himself.

"Oh, thank you, Doctor. What is it?"

"I have discovered a new symptom."

"Let's hope it is a good one."

"Maybe yes, maybe no. All depends upon the way you look at it. Take it one way, it is all good. Take it another way, it is all bad. Look at it the right way, and it is perfectly all right. Everything is all right if you only look at it the right way"; and the doctor rocked to and fro, to and fro, touching and spreading, touching and spreading the tips of his fingers in time to his rocking.

"Tell me. Tell me the worst," said Godmother, sitting on the far edge of her chair.

"Your puppet is about to grow up."

"Nonsense. He is only a baby."

"Ai, yi, yi, yi. Babies grow up. Yesterday he was a baby. But to-day? To-day he has already started to grow up."

"Stop him."

"It can't be done. Once they begin to get ideas

there's no stopping them. They go on and on until one day they are grown up. Once they get them—and he's got them, I can tell—they grow up."

"How do you know he has them?"

"Symptoms. You can always tell. They sit on the ridgepole and look far away. They are quiet. They don't say much, and when they talk they are not saying anything about what they are really thinking. It is all very complicated and perfectly clear. He's growing up."

The good man seemed to be delighted at the idea. He chuckled. He rubbed his hands. He rumpled his hair.

"You can't stop them"—he kept saying the same thing over and over—"once they get ideas. Get ideas and you grow up. Add to that the fact that he is homesick, and you have the whole story."

"Homesick?"

"Homesick."

"Godfather, do you hear what the doctor is saying? He says our Pinocchio is about to grow up and that he is homesick."

"I don't believe a word of it," said Godfather, knocking his pipe on the side of the mantel and scowling fiercely. "I won't have it. Call him in here."

Pinocchio came into the room, Patsy at his heels.

The doctor spoke first. "Pinocchio, your godmother says you don't eat your meals. What's the matter? Why don't you eat?"

"I'd like to eat, but I'm not hungry any more," said Pinocchio, sniffing a little and rubbing the end of his nose against his sleeve.

"And she says you are the first one up in the morning. Why don't you sleep mornings?"

"Because the birds wake me and I can't sleep."

"*Why* do you want to sit on the ridgepole and dream all the time?"

"Because I have things to think about and I have to go there to think about them."

"There you are. Symptoms. All symptoms of growing up and being homesick," said the doctor.

"Well, what's to be done about it?" asked Godfather.

"For growing up? Feed him anything he wants to eat. In reason. In reason. For homesickness? Send him home. Send him home"; and the doctor bowed himself out and away.

KINGS GO AS FAR AS THEY ARE ABLE

IT WAS a silent little family that gathered about the table that night, and the meal was soon over. Godmother took up her sewing. She was embroidering spots for butterflies' wings. Godfather filled his pipe. Pinocchio seated himself on a little stool with Patsy in his arms.

Godfather looked at the skinny little figure holding the fuzzy little dog close to its breast and took a long pull on his pipe. Then he turned on the radio.

The voice of the world came into the little room. It told about the price of butter. It promised fair weather for the morrow. It sang a song that was

full of jumps and quivers. It told a funny story about a man who thought he was a goldfish. Then:

"Ladies and gentlemen of the Radio Audience of America: This is station WEAF speaking. We have an announcement of the greatest importance to make. This announcement concerns the children of the world. It comes to us across the sea borne on the voice of a royal gentleman. His Majesty, the King of Italy, will speak to you. Please stand by."

Pinocchio sprang to his feet. He nearly slipped out of his skin as he stretched his neck to hear what was coming next. A gentle voice spoke in accents familiar to his ear.

"Ladies and gentlemen, children of America, I have a request to make of you. There is in our kingdom a sad old man, Gepetto. He is sad because the child of his heart, the little marionette Pinocchio, has run away. Since that happened his life has been cold and empty as a hearth without fire.

"High and low, throughout the land this poor father has searched for his little puppet. To-day we learned that he had been seen in America. Could

that be true? If so, if you should see him, tell him that his father weeps for him, the children of Italy wait to welcome him home, his friends grieve at his long absence. Should he hear my voice, perhaps he will understand and return.

"We will send a ship to carry him home, the swiftest, safest ship in the navy. We will send an escort of soldiers and sailors to see him safely to his father's house.

"To you who have been so kind to the high-spirited, adventuring child, our thanks. Do him one more kindness. Tell him his old father waits at the cottage door for him day and night, watching for him with eyes that are dim with weeping.

"Good-bye and thank you."

While the voice talked over mountains and sea and sky, Pinocchio stood stiffly at attention like a soldier before his king. When the voice floated off into silence he saluted, and with a wild cry of joy ran out of the house, Patsy barking wildly behind him, and raced around it three times.

"I'm going home, I'm going home," he sang over

and over again, until breath forsook him and he returned to the sitting room where Godfather and Godmother waited for him.

"Well, my boy, if you are going home, it is time to begin to get ready," said Godfather.

Pinocchio looked anxiously up at the two old people who had been so kind to him. Would they be sad at his going? Would they grieve?

"You see, we always knew you would have to go away some day. It is right that you should. We'll miss you—miss you sadly. But of course you must go."

"Of course," said Pinocchio with a sigh of relief. "You can get another little boy, can't you?"

"Perhaps," said Godmother, reaching for a wash rag. "Come, now, and I'll wash behind your ears and you can get ready. We must be at the dock on time and not keep anybody waiting."

For once in his life Pinocchio danced on his way to a bath.

CHAPTER XLII

LIFE IS A CARNIVAL

THE children went to the train to see Pinocchio start on his homeward journey. Such bunches of flowers! Such boxes of sweets! Such whacks on the back! Pinocchio was breathless when the Special pulled into the station.

Oh, yes, he traveled in a Special. When the President learned that Pinocchio was about to leave America, he ordered a Special and five airplanes as escort. The planes flew ahead in arrow formation, dropping chocolates to the children who lined the way.

"My star spoke truth," said Pinocchio to Mickie, who had gone along to see the ship carry his friend away. "I am riding like an emperor. I think, when

I arrive at home, I shall ride on a white horse at the head of the line."

"I wouldn't if I had your chance," said Mickie. "I'd ride an elephant."

"Not me. I rode one once. I don't much care for them."

"They're grander than horses for a parade, though."

"That is true. You come along and ride your elephant behind my horse."

"No, thanks. Somebody in our house has to get up in the morning to put on the coffee. I have to stay home."

"Ah, well. Some other time, perhaps."

A great crowd was waiting at the pier. Children from forty-eight states and Alaska and Canada were there shouting and waving flags and chanting school yells. Did you ever hear fifty kinds of school yells from a couple of thousand children, all howling at once? Then you have never known what a truly joyful noise means, and I am sorry for you.

Pinocchio was welcomed and farewelled most

PLANES IN ARROW FORMATION, DROPPING CHOCOLATES

tremend-ous-ly. He shook hands so many times that his right hand shook all by itself. He bowed so many times that, when he reached the deck, he was bent in the middle and had to be straightened up by an officer dressed in blue and scarlet and gold.

The last gangplank was lifted. The friends were lined along the rails. The captain stood on the bridge ready to give the last signal to clear away. There was an instant of silence, and then all the brass bands in the world, let loose at once, played "The Star-Spangled Banner."

There is something about a brass band playing "The Star-Spangled Banner" that lifts your heart to your throat and keeps it there until your mouth is dry as ashes. People say they cannot sing it because of the high notes. Maybe. Maybe they can't sing it because the music makes their hearts hop so that the tears come to their eyes and a big sob catches them in the throat. It's like that sometimes, and it was like that this time. Pinocchio forgot about being dressed in a new uniform and rubbed the end of his nose on his sleeve.

After the music died away there were three rounds of cheers, all different kinds, together, a terrible noise, and shouts of "Speech, speech, Pinocchio! Speech!"

Pinocchio had always been a great speech maker. There was a time, and not so long ago, when he felt fit and ready to make a speech about anything and everything under the sun. Whether he knew anything about it or not did not matter. Now all he could find to say was, "Thank you. Thank you."

"Aw. Go ahead, Pin. Make us a speech," cried Mickie from the tip-top rail of the pier.

The voice of friendship loosened Pinocchio's tongue. He began:

"My friends, my very dear friends, I am going home."

"Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" yelled the crowd.

"I love America."

"Whoop-ee!" came back from the crowded pier.

"But I'm going home."

Three more loud cheers.

"You have given me a delightful time. I liked the spring chicken and the hot biscuits and the corn on the cob with plenty of butter. And I liked the peanuts and the candy and the buckwheat cakes and the maple syrup and the sausages."

"Us too," laughed the listeners.

"Your palaces where your children go to school, your big cities, your tall mountains, your grand circus, your seas of golden wheat, your policemen, your Lizzies are magnificent. But your chewing gum. I can't learn to chew that yet. It gets mixed up with my teeth. I hope you will excuse me. It was the only thing here that I could not eat."

"Isn't he funny?" said one to the other, and everybody clapped and stamped for dear life.

"And now I'm going home. You always want to go home no matter how much you wanted to leave it in the first place. I can't explain that. I only know it. I know it from the aching that was in my heart and that isn't there any more because I'm going home.

"I am going home where I can play in the sun-

shine and chase little lizards that hide in the grass and play on the warm stones. I am going to stand in the flower markets and watch the big baskets of flowers come piling in and smell them and smell them until I am full of the good smell of violets and wallflowers and pinks and pinks and pinks.

"I'm going to the tiny little houses and the gay gardens of my people. I am going to eat spaghetti and cheese and black bread and drink goat's milk. If there is butter, good. If there is none, why perhaps there will be an olive or two, or a sweet pepper, who knows? And why worry? Bread is bread and always good.

"Much that I have had in your beautiful land I shall not have again. But I shall be at home with Gepetto. I will help him and together we will build a little rose-colored house on the side of the hill that looks over the Bay of Naples. The olive trees will make a pleasant shade for me, and I will lie under them and watch the smoke come out of old Vesuvius.

"My friends, everybody loves the tree that shel-

ters him. I love America and I will carry that love with me and have it always."

"Hoo-ray, hoo-ray!" cheered his friends.

"I thank you one and all for all your kindness to me. I thank the children and the teachers and the fairy and everybody. I thank the Watchful Rooster——"

Whah, whah, screeched the siren.

"Good-bye, everybody. I'm going home."

What, whah, screeched the siren.

Swish, swish, the waves began churning under the stern of the ship. Swish, swish, and she began to ease out of the dock.

"She's off," shouted the children on shore.

"Good-bye," Pinocchio shouted from the captain's deck.

And now I must tell you the strangest thing in all this strange story. Far out on the highest deck of the pier Pinocchio saw a little group of people laughing and waving strangely familiar objects.

One jolly old fellow was waving what seemed to be a rooster's head. A sweet-faced fairy was shak-

ing a scarecrow suit and laughing heartily. A stout little man was waving an owl's head and wings, and an angel dropped a godmother's gown and smiled full in Pinocchio's face.

"Imagine," said he. "Masks. And I never looked behind them."

Whah, whah, blared the siren again, and the great ship headed down the bay.

"Dear, dear," said Pinocchio, looking into the sky. "To think I traveled so far and saw so much and never looked behind things."

"What is that you said?" asked Liberty, leaning down from her pedestal.

"There is one thing I haven't found out yet. Please tell me what is behind things?"

"Questions," said Liberty. "Questions are behind everything."

"Never any answers?"

"Yes, but they are questions too."

"Dear me. Questions always make me want to run away."

"Of course. Everybody wants to run away. That

is one reason why this harbor is crowded every day. Everybody is running away from somewhere to somewhere else."

"Imagine. I never thought there were so many people like me."

"Exactly. What made you think they were different? We are all alike and all different. But we all have to do the same thing in the end. If you want to be happy, you keep on asking questions of whatever, whomever you meet without ever taking the answers as the last word. Always go ahead to the next one with the next question. In that way you sometimes get new answers, and that makes you very happy. You ought to be very happy. Goodbye and good luck to you."

"And what," thought Pinocchio, "what do you suppose is behind that?"

THE END